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Journal of English and Foreign Literature, Science, and the Fine Arts.

No. 798.

LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1841.

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(Stamped Edition, 8d.)

For the convenience of Subscribers in remote places, the weekly numbers are reissued in Monthly Parts, stitched in a wrapper, and forwarded with the Magazines.—Subscriptions for the Stamped Edition for the Continent, for not less than 3 Months, and in advance, are received by M. BACHY, 3, Quai Malaquais, Paris, or at the Athenæum Office, London. For France, and other Countries not requiring postage to be paid in London, 2s. 6d. or 12s. 3s. the year. To other countries, the postage in addition.

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That in future years the Examinations undermentioned will commence as follows:—

The MATRICULATION Examination on the FIRST MONDAY in JULY.
The FIRST EXAMINATION for the Degree of BACHELOR OF MEDICINE on the FIRST MONDAY in AUGUST.
The Examination for the Degree of BACHELOR OF ARTS on the FIRST MONDAY in OCTOBER.

Candidates for Matriculation will be approved by the Examiners, provided they show a competent knowledge in Classics, Mathematics, Natural Philosophy, and one of the three remaining subjects of Examination, viz. 1. Chemistry; 2. Botany; 3. Zoology.

Candidates who have not completed their 30th year may compete for Honours at Matriculation; and those who have not completed their 23rd year may compete for Honours at the Examination for the Degree of B.A.
Candidates for the Degree of Bachelor of Medicine who have graduated in Arts in any one of the Universities of the United Kingdom, will be admitted to the First Examination without previous Matriculation. The Regulations relating to Candidates who commenced their Medical Studies in or before January 1839 will continue permanently in force.

By order of the Senate,
R. W. ROTHMAN, Registrar.

GEOLOGICAL MINERALOGY.

KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON.—Mr. J. TENNANT, F.G.S. will commence a COURSE of LECTURES on MINERALOGY, with a view to facilitate the study of GEOLOGY, and of the application of Mineral substances in the ARTS, on WEDNESDAY, the 13th of October, at 9 o'clock a.m., and will be continued on each succeeding Wednesday till the Christmas Vacation, after which they will be resumed, and terminate about the end of February, 1842. The instruction will consist of a minute description of all the substances entering into the composition of ROCKS, and of those Minerals which are also used in the Arts, and of the characters of the specimens and diagrams of their principal crystalline forms, stratifications, &c.

KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON.—DEPARTMENT OF ENGINEERING, ARCHITECTURE, ARTS, AND MANUFACTURES. The COURSE of ARCHITECTURE in this department will OPEN on SATURDAY, the 16th of October. Any further information may be obtained upon application at the Secretary's Office.

To this, as to the other Classes in the College, any Gentleman may enter without being a regular Student.
J. LONSDALE, Principal.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON.—FACULTY OF ARTS AND LAWS. Session 1841-42.
The Session will commence on FRIDAY, the 15th of October, when Professor KEY will deliver a Lecture INTRODUCTORY to his own Courses, at 2 o'clock precisely.

LATIN.—Professor Key, A.M.
GREEK.—Professor Malden, A.M.
ARABIC, PERSIAN, AND HINDUSTANI.—Prof. Falconer, A.M.
CHINESE LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE.—Professor Rev. Samuel Kidd.

ENGLISH LANGUAGE & LITERATURE.—Prof. Latham, A.M.
FRENCH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE.—Prof. Merlet.
ITALIAN LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE.—Prof. Feppell.

MATHEMATICS.—Professor De Morgan.
NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.—Professorship vacant. The party elected to this office will deliver a public Lecture in the Session.

CIVIL ENGINEERING.—Professor Vignoles.
CHEMISTRY (Practical Course commencing in May).—Prof. Graham, F.R.S.
CHEMISTRY (the Course for the Matriculation Examination in Arts at the University of London).—Professor Graham.

GEOLOGY (commencing in February).—Prof. Webster, F.G.S.
DRAWING (on the subject of the Illustrations of the Bible).—Mr. R. B. Moore.
BOTANY. Junior Class (commencing in April).—Professor Lindley, Ph.D.

ZOOLOGY (commencing in February).—Professor Grant, M.D.
PHILOSOPHY OF MIND AND LOGIC.—Professor the Rev. J. Hopps, Ph.D.
HISTORY, ANCIENT AND MODERN.—Professor Creasy, A.M.

ENGLISH LAW (commencing 1st Nov.).—Prof. Carey, A.M.
JURISPRUDENCE (commencing 4th Nov.).—Prof. Graves, A.M.
SCHOOLMASTERS' COURSES.—Professors Key, De Morgan, and Malden.

FLAHERTY SCHOLARSHIPS.
A Flaherty Scholarship of 50l. per annum, tenable for four years, will be awarded in 1842, to the best proficient in Mathematics and Natural Philosophy among the Students of the College under the age of 20 years. The examination will take place in the second week in October. A similar Scholarship for proficiency in Classics will be awarded in 1843, and in subsequent years, alternately, for proficiency in Classics, and in Mathematics and Natural Philosophy.

Printed copies of the Regulations concerning the Scholarships may be had on application to the Registrar.
The Session of the Faculty of Medicine commences on the 1st October; the Junior School opens on the 23rd September. Proprietors, and further particulars, may be obtained at the Office of the College.

P. F. MERLET, Dean of Faculty.
CHAS. C. ATKINSON, Secretary to the Council.
Sept. 1, 1841.

DRAWING IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.
Mr. G. B. MOORE'S CLASSES for INSTRUCTION in Geometrical and Isometrical Projection, including the delineation of shadows, applicable to ARCHITECTURE, ENGINEERING, and MACHINERY, ARCHITECTURE, PERSPECTIVE, LANDSCAPE, and the FINE ARTS, by the use of light, shade, and colour, will be as follows:—FIRST COURSE, from 15th of October to Christmas; SECOND, from Christmas to Easter. THIRD, from Easter to end of June.

MORNING CLASS.—Monday, Tuesday, and Saturday, from 2 to 4 P.M.
EVENING CLASS.—Monday and Friday, from 6 to half-past 8.
These Classes may be attended by persons not intending to go through any other course of study in the College.
P. F. MERLET, Dean of the Faculty of Arts.
WM. SHARPEY, Secy of the Faculty of Medicine.
CHAS. C. ATKINSON, Secretary to the Council.
University College, London, Oct. 3, 1841.

CHARGING CROSS HOSPITAL.—MEDICAL COLLEGE.—CLASS OF NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.

Professor, HENRY WATTS, B.A.
The INTRODUCTORY LECTURE will be delivered on MONDAY EVENING, October 13, at 8 o'clock. The Course will include the several branches of Natural Philosophy required for Matriculation at the University of London. The Lectures are open to non-medical gentlemen. For particulars apply at the Hospital.

MUSIC TAUGHT BY A YOUNG LADY, thoroughly qualified, and accustomed to tuition. Terms, 1s. 6d. per Lesson.—Address (post paid) to C. F., New London Street, Fenchurch-street.

TO THE NOBILITY, &c.—A married Clergyman, of the University of Cambridge, resident on a curacy 50 miles N.W. of London, wishes to RECEIVE FOUR PUPILS, of every early age, to prepare them for the public school. They will be paragon boarders, and sleep in separate beds, and enjoy all the comforts of home. Terms, 100 guineas per annum. For particular address, post paid, or apply personally to Dr. K., 9, Clarence-place, Fenchurch-street.

LESSONS IN GERMAN.—A GERMAN LADY gives LESSONS, from 6 to 8 o'clock an hour. She would accept an Engagement as Daily Germaness. Address letters, pre-paid, to H.A., to the care of Mr. Doughty, Newspaper Office, Young-street, Kensington.

PRACTICAL COURSE OF GERMAN.—Prof. KLAUER-KLATTOWSKI, Author of 'The German Manual for Self-tuition,' proposes forthwith to form Two Classes to be devoted exclusively to Writing and Speaking the Language upon the principles explained in the 'Introduction to his Course of Exercises,' (2nd edit. Holland). One Class will be for Ladies only, the other for Gentlemen, and both will be strictly private, and limited to a small number of subscribers, the favour of an early application, either personal or by letter, is solicited. In the latter case, it is requested that the time most convenient may be specified, as the days and hours will be regulated by the convenience of the majority of subscribers. Terms, One Guinea the Course of Six Lessons, of an hour and a half, once a week. A Class for Beginners will open on the 14th of October. London, 26, South Molton-street.

CROSBY HALL, between Crosby-square and Great St. Helen's, within the City of London.—The repairs of Crosby Hall has been nearly completed by the funds subscribed for that purpose, and in addition the Council Chamber and Throne Room have been in great measure restored to their original and characteristic beauty from other sources. The object especially contemplated, was the revival of GRESHAM COLLEGE in the immediate locality of the original Foundation and of the Founder's Tomb; but the Gresham Committee, being at length decided to relinquish this most appropriate site, and to build the College in Basinghall-street, the Trustees of Crosby Hall are now at liberty to receive proposals from other parties. The premises, in point of space, beauty, and historic interest, are scarcely to be equalled in the Metropolis. They may be viewed between 11 and 3 o'clock, on application at the western entrance, in Bishopsgate-street, opposite to the ancient Greek College, now occupied as the Royal Exchange; and proposals may be addressed to the Trustees of Crosby Hall, to the care of W. Jones, Esq., Solicitor, 7, Crosby-square.

MR. R. C. LUCAS, SCULPTOR, begs to announce that he has etched, printed, and published, on India paper, a small, but complete and accurate set of 35 illustrations; also, GOLDSMITH'S DESERTED VILLAGE, 17 Illustrations. He has nearly ready for publication, COLLINS'S ODE ON THE PASSIONS, illustrated; MILTON'S L'ALLEGRO, and D. PENKINS; and so on. Illustrations from 'AM O'SHANTER. Price of each work One Guinea bound. Also, 6 Plates from the JOHNSON STATUE, erected by him at Lichfield, and an Etching of the Statue of Sir R. C. HARRIS, in the Forum Cathedral, will shortly appear in the concluding volume of 'South Works.' Size of the plates from the Statues, large folio; the other works large quarto.
26, Devonshire-street, Portland-place, Sept. 1841.

TO ARCHITECTS, BUILDERS, ETC.

PAPIER MACHÉ WORKS, 15, Wellington-street North, Strand.—CHARLES F. BIELEFELD begs to inform Architects, Builders, &c. that in addition to the Volume of Patterns already published, he has now prepared 40 new Engravings (which may be had separately at 6d. each). The complete work now comprises nearly 850 patterns of works in every style, actually manufactured in Papier Mâché, and on sale: consisting of Picture and Glass Frames, Cornices, Mouldings, Flowers, and every species of decoration for ceilings, walls, &c. The excellence of the improved Papier Mâché Ornaments in architecture is now fully understood and admitted by the first architects, and by the most eminent builders in London and the provinces.—The above folio volume is sold bound complete, with a tariff of prices, at 3s. 6d. each; and will be remitted to persons ordering goods to the amount of 50l. or upwards.

ELEGANT AND ORNAMENTED PICTURE FRAMES of a SUPERIOR DESCRIPTION, WARRANTED TO CLEAN.—C. J. ECKFORD, 45, Fleet-street, corner of Mitre-court, Temple, opposite Fetter-lane, begs leave to inform Artists, the Trade, and Public, that he can execute a LARGE and COMPLETE EXPLANATORY SHEET OF DRAWINGS, with numerous Elegant Patterns, the size and prices attached to the various Frames, and great freedom of choice in the design. The Frames re-gilt; large and small Miniature Frames at proportionate prices. Fancy-wood Frames of every description. Orders from the Country punctually attended to.—ESTABLISHED 1752.

SUPERIOR LOOKING GLASSES and Splendid GILT PICTURE FRAMES.—CHARLES McLEAN, 78, Fleet-street, opposite the Dispensary, begs to inform the Trade, and the public, that they can be supplied with LOOKING GLASSES and PICTURE FRAMES, of the very best manufacture, at prices never hitherto attempted.—May be had gratis, and sent free of post to any part of the kingdom. LARGE SHEETS OF DRAWINGS, representing the exact patterns and prices of 100 different sized picture frames and 100 looking glasses, elegantly ornamented with designs made expressly for this manufacture. The trade supplied with frames in the shop. Fancy wood frames and mouldings, and room borders, &c. Old frames re-gilt and re-set. Glasses reilvered. 30,000 frames kept seasoned for immediate delivery.—All goods not approved of in three months taken back, and money returned.

Sales by Auction.

SOUTHGATE'S ROOMS.
By Messrs. SOUTHGATE & SON, at their Rooms, 22, Fleet-street, THIS DAY, and five following days (Sunday excepted), THE CONTINUATION OF THE SALE by order of the Assignees of Messrs. BANCROFT & CO. Booksellers, Manchester, comprising their VALUABLE STOCK in TRADE, consisting of Modern Books in various departments of Literature. Catalogues of which may be obtained on application to the offices of T. SURR, Esq., Solicitor, 50, Lombard-street, and at the Rooms.

And on MONDAY, October 18, and four following days, A MISCELLANEOUS COLLECTION of BOOKS, in various departments of Literature, including a SELECTION from the LIBRARY of a GENTLEMAN, together with a few PAINTINGS.
* * * Liberal accommodation offered on Property; and large or small Collections of Books, Prints, &c., promptly disposed of by Public Competition.

125, FLEET-STREET, LONDON.

LIBRARY OF BOOKS, BOOKS IN QUIRES, ETC.
MR. L. A. LEWIS will SELL by AUCTION, on WEDNESDAY, October 13, BOOKS; including Pinkerton's Voyages and Travels, 17 vols. calf, marbled leaves; Encyclopædia Britannica and Supplement, 20 vols.—Quarterly Review, 60 vols.—Edinburgh Review, 65 vols.—Naval Chronicle, 4 vols.—Naval Biography, 4 vols.—Naval and Military Gazette, 1838—1840, all the remaining copies of the 1st Edition.—Crown Annual for 1839, 27 copies.—Hakewill's Tour of Italy, 46 copies.—and numerous other Books in quires, boards, and bound.

MR. DALY'S STOCK OF MODERN BOOKS.
MR. L. A. LEWIS will SELL by AUCTION, on MONDAY, October 18, and three following days, the first portion of the extensive STOCK of MR. C. DALY, by order of his Assignees, comprising a useful assortment of Books in every department of literature.

LEASE OF A HOUSE, CROWN-COURT, LONG-ACRE.

MR. L. A. LEWIS will SELL by AUCTION, on FRIDAY, October 22, the LEASE of a HOUSE and PREMISES, No. —, Crown-court, Long-acre, having seventeen years and a half to run, held under the Duke of Bedford at the low rent of 250l. per annum, particulars of which will be ready in a few days.

DR. PUIGHBLANCH'S LIBRARY.

MR. L. A. LEWIS will SELL by AUCTION, on MONDAY, October 23, and three following days, the learned and valuable LIBRARY of the late Dr. ANTONIO PUIGHBLANCH, by direction of the Court of Chancery; including Greek Thesaurus Antiquitatum Romanarum, 2 vols., edit. Benedictina; Thesaurus Græcorum Antiquitatum, 13 vols.—Gruetius Corpus Inscriptionum, 4 vols.—Sallustius Thesaurus Antiquitatum Romanarum, 2 vols.—Sørensenius Miscellanea, 6 vols.—Lighfoot Opera, 2 vols.—Josephus, Havercampii, 2 vols.—Gregorii Historia Byzantina, 2 vols.—Eusebii Preparatio et Demonstratio Evangelica, 2 vols.—Buxtorfii Biblia Hebraica, 3 vols.—Buxtorfii Lexicon—Chaldaicum Casiodori Opera, 2 vols., edit. Benedictina—Genseri Thesaurus Lingue Latine, 4 vols.—Historia Ecclesiastica Scriptores, edente Reading, 3 vols.—Antonio Bibliotheca Hispanica, 4 vols.—Kircheri Edipus Ægyptiacus, 4 vols.—Pitisci Lexicon Antiquitatum Romanarum, 2 vols.—Natalis Historia Ecclesiastica, 18 vols.—Marcelli Opera, 24 vols.—Vitall Opera, 6 vols.—Kabbala Denudata, 2 vols.—Antologia Græca, edit. Boech, 5 vols.—Binghami Opera Antiquitatis Ecclesiastica, 11 vols.—in 6—Fleury Historia Ecclesiastica, 35 vols.—De Rossi Varie Lectiones Veteris Testamenti, 4 vols.—Æschylus, 2 vols.—Plutarch, 4 vols.—Reiske, 12 vols.—Diomedes Scylax, 2 vols.—Wesselingius, 11 vols.—Athenæus, 4 vols.—Schweighæuser, 14 vols.—Herodotus, 4 vols.—Schweighæuser, 12 vols.—Polybius, 4 vols.—Schweighæuser, 12 vols.—Plinius, 4 vols.—Fraser, 2 vols.—Field, 4 vols.—Lucian, Hemsterhuis, 10 vols.—Aristotle, 10 vols.—Variorum Classics, Spanish, Hebrew, Arabic, and Persian Books, &c.

RARE AND VALUABLE BOOKS.

MR. L. A. LEWIS will SELL by AUCTION, on FRIDAY, 22nd instant, RARE AND VALUABLE BOOKS, imported from the Continent; including Augustini Opera, 12 vols., edit. Benedictina—Anselmi Opera, edit. Benedictina—Venerabilis Bedæ Opera, 5 vols. best edit.—Boaventura Opera, 7 vols.—Bellarii Opera, 4 vols.—Basilii Opera, 3 vols., edit. Benedictina—Bullarium Magnum, 18 vols. in 12.—Corn. Lapidæ Commentarii, 11 vols.—Cypriani Opera, edit. Benedictina—Cassiani Opera, Cotelieri Patres Apostolici, 3 vols.—Lahin et Cosart Concordiorum Collectio Maxima, studio Harduin, 4 vols.—Gregorii Magni Opera, 4 vols., edit. Benedictina—Hieronymi Opera, 5 vols., edit. Benedictina—Dupin Historia Ecclesiastica, 19 vols. in 17—Opera Polemica, 21 vols.—Trommli Concordantia, 2 vols., &c.

ARCHITECTURAL AND OTHER BOOKS.

MR. L. A. LEWIS will SELL by AUCTION, on MONDAY, November 1, and four following days, an extensive COLLECTION of BOOKS; including Neale's Westminster Abbey, 2 vols. L. P.—Morant's History of Essex, 2 vols.—Taylor and Cray's Antiquities of Rome, 2 vols.—Millingen's Greek Vases, red mor.—Curtis's Camellias and Beauties of Flora, red mor.—Lewis's Sketches of the Alhambra—Nash's Mansions—Rudwin's Annals of the Cologne, 4 vols.—Shaw's Illuminated Ornaments—Britton's Cathedral Antiquities, 5 vols. L. P.—Evelyn's Memoirs, 5 vols.—Pepys's Memoirs, 5 vols.—Retrospective Review, 1 vol.—Hallam's Literature, 4 vols.—Scott's Waverley Novels, 5 vols., &c.

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THE FAMILY ENDOWMENT SOCIETY, in addition to its ordinary business of Assuring Life, granting Annuities, and providing for the contingency of future Children, undertakes a branch of Assurance which is entirely new, viz.—that of assuring against the contingency of a future Child or Children who may become Heirs.
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25	1 17 6	2 0 0
30	2 0 0	2 2 6
35	2 3 6	2 4 3
40	2 12 6	3 10 11
45	3 7 11	4 10 11
50	4 2 6	4 9 3
55	5 1 2	5 9 11
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Whole Life Premiums.			Whole Life Premiums.		
10	£1 7 6	£1 4 0	40	£3 11 6	£3 3 2
15	1 9 3	1 7 0	45	4 1 9	3 13 0
20	1 11 9	1 8 10	50	4 11 6	4 2 6
25	1 14 9	1 11 6	55	4 11 6	4 11 6
30	1 17 0	1 12 9	60	4 11 6	4 11 6
35	2 0 0	1 16 2	65	4 11 6	4 11 6
40	2 2 6	1 19 3	70	4 11 6	4 11 6
45	2 5 0	2 0 0	75	4 11 6	4 11 6
50	2 7 6	2 2 6	80	4 11 6	4 11 6
55	2 10 0	2 5 0	85	4 11 6	4 11 6
60	2 12 6	2 7 6	90	4 11 6	4 11 6
65	2 15 0	2 10 0	95	4 11 6	4 11 6
70	2 17 6	2 12 6			
75	2 20 0	2 15 0			
80	2 22 6	2 17 6			
85	2 25 0	2 20 0			
90	2 27 6	2 22 6			
95	2 30 0	2 25 0			
100	2 32 6	2 27 6			

* Example.—A Gentleman whose age does not exceed 30, may insure 1000l. payable on his decease, for an annual payment of 22l. 10s. 0d.; and a Lady of the same age, can secure the same sum, for an annual payment of 10l. 17s. 6d.

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	years.	years.	years.	years.	of life.
20	£1 1 4	£1 5 10	£1 10 11	£1 16 9	£2 3 8
30	1 6 4	1 12 2	1 19 1	2 7 4	2 17 6
40	1 16 1	2 4 4	2 14 6	3 7 3	4 3 4
50	2 16 7	3 9 4	4 5 5	5 6 3	6 13 7

PETER MORRISON, Resident Director.
A liberal commission allowed to Solicitors and Agents.

NEWSPAPER STAMP RETURNS.

Extract from a return of the number of Stamps issued to the several Newspapers in England, Scotland, and Wales, from the 1st day of April to the 30th of June, 1841, inclusive, ordered by the House of Commons:—

Sun.	Average daily circulation.
Globe.....	314,000
Standard.....	260,000
Courier.....	250,000
A Return of the amount of Advertisements Duty paid by each Newspaper, from the 5th of January to the 5th of July, 1841:	
Sun.....	£. s. d.
Standard.....	22 17 12
Globe.....	582 9 0
Courier.....	247 7 0

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Every article is priced at the smallest profit, to effect a speedy return of cash; each Part contains many valuable Works. The following is a specimen of the present Part:—

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Morant's History of the County of Essex. 2 vols. folio, calf gilt, rare, only 4s. 10s.

Baxter's (Rev. R.) Practical Works, with Life of the Author, &c. by Orme, 23 vols. 8vo. cloth, 4s. 18s.; published at 18s. 18s.

Shakespeare's Plays, in 21 vols. 8vo. calf gilt, marbled leaves; contains all the Commentaries and Notes of Johnson and Steevens; also Glossary, &c. by Reed, only 2s. 15s. 18s.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1841.

REVIEWS

The Letters and Journals of Robert Baillie, A.M., Principal of the University of Glasgow, 1637-1662. Edited, from the Author's MSS., by David Laing, Esq. 3 vols. Edinburgh, Ogle.

THE name of Baillie is well known to those who have made the stirring events of the Parliamentary War, and its contemporary results in Scotland, their study; and references to his manuscript letters and journals meet us in the foot notes of almost every work illustrative of that period. Indeed, from almost the time of their completion, these "Baillie manuscripts" seem to have excited much attention. A volume, containing a small portion of the earlier part, is in the British Museum, and a similar one is in the possession of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland; while transcripts of the whole are to be found in the Glasgow University library, in that of the Church of Scotland, and a third was in the possession of the late Dr. McCre. So long since as the year 1775, two octavo volumes, professing to contain these letters and journals, were published; but they, it appears, were merely a selection, and not even a good one. "A complete and accurate edition of Baillie's letters," therefore, was desirable, and this has been at length undertaken by the Bannatyne Club.

Robert Baillie, the author of these letters and journals, was, at the period when they commence (1637), minister of the parish of Kilwinning; on the advance of the Scots army into England, he became one of its chaplains, and he subsequently accompanied the Scots Commissioners to London. Soon after his return, he was appointed Principal of the University of Glasgow; and in 1643 again repaired to London as one of the deputation of ministers from Scotland, and sat in the celebrated Assembly of Divines at Westminster. He returned to Scotland in 1662, and continued there until his death.

The letters commence at a period of anxiety and confusion, in consequence of the King's injudicious attempt to compel the use of the Book of Common Prayer; and the very first sentence in these volumes might serve as an appropriate motto to them,—"The proclamation of our Liturgie is the matter of my greatest affliction." In his following letters, the characteristic love of learning, for which the period, scarcely less than the sixteenth century, was distinguished, breaks out pleasantly in requests to his Dutch correspondent to forward such theological works as from time to time might be published. "For the present I desyre from Amsterdam," says he, "some little things,"—and forthwith follows a catalogue of controversial works, which alone would fill a moderately sized book-shelf. But whilst Baillie and some of the more learned of his brethren were meditating and consulting 'Pareus Itenicon,' and 'Amesii Anti-synodalia,' and such like, to determine whether the obnoxious service book should be received or not, their congregations, and especially the female part of them, had already made up their minds. The following will serve as a pendant to the celebrated scene of "daft Janet Geddes":—

"Mr. William Annan, on the 1. of Timothy, 'I command that prayers be made for all men,' in the last half of his sermon, from the making of prayers, ran out upon the Liturgie, and spake for the defence of it in whole, and sundry most plausible parts of it, as well, in my poor judgment, as any in the Isle of Britain could have done, considering all circumstances; howsoever, he did maintain, to the dislik of all in one unfit tyme, that which was hinging in suspense betwixt the King and the country. Of his sermon among us in the Synod, not a word; but in the towne among the women, a great dinne. To-

morrow, Mr. John Lindsay, at the Bishop's command, did preach; he is the new Moderator of Lanrick. At the ingoing of the pulpit, it is said, that some of the women in his ear assured him, that if he should twitch the Service Book in his sermon, he should be rent out of the pulpit; he took the advice, and lett that matter alone. At the outgoing of the church, about 30 or 40 of our honestest women, in one voyce, before the Bishope and Magistrats, did fall in rayling, cursing, scolding with clamours on Mr. William Annan: some two of the meanest was taken to the Tolbooth. All the day over, up and down the streets where he went, he got threats of sundry in words and looks; bot after supper, will needleslie he will goe to visit the Bishop, who had taken his leave with him, he is not sooner on the causey, at nine o'clock, in a mirk night, with three or four Ministers with him, bot some hundredths of irraged women, of all qualities, are about him, with neaves, and staves, and peats, [but] no stones: they beat him sore; his cloake, ruffe, hatt, were rent: however, upon his cryes, and candles set out from many windows, he escaped all bloody wounds; yet he was in great danger, even of killing. This tumult was so great, that it was not thought meet to search, either in plotters or actors of it, for numbers of the best quality would have been found guiltie."

The turbulent scenes which followed have been often described. But however "clear" they felt themselves in regard to the service book and the bishops, Baillie and his friends seem to have entertained great scruples about opposing their "sweete prince." The following extract is curious. This was indeed, as Mr. D'Israeli says, "an age of authorities," but alas! for literary fame, who now quotes Pareus, or Buchanan, or even that most appropriately named author, Junius Brutus?

"We look for no other bot in the Spring the King to come in person, upon Louthian and Edinburgh, with a great land army; that one part of his navie shall go to Aberdeen to joyn with Huntley, another to the coast of Fyfe and Louthian, a third to land from Ireland on us in the West some little armie. We are conscious to ourselfe of no crime against the lawes of our Church or State. We hope God shall look on the equitie of our cause; the little opposition we dow make is making readie. I was late in the minde, that, in no imaginable case, any prince might have beene opposed; I inclyne now to think otherwise. In all our questions I confesse no change bot in this only; whereto I was brought, not by Pareus, or Buchanan, or Junius Brutus, for their reasons and conclusions I yet scanner at; bot mainly by Bilsones de Subjectione. * * Luther, Melancthon, Bucer, Martyr, Beza, Abbots, Whittakers, also gives leave to subjects, in some cases, to defend themselves, where the Prince is absolut from subjection to any man, bot not absolute from tye to the lawes of Church and State, whereto he is sworne, which is the case of all Christian Kings now, and ever also since the fall of the Roman Empire."

Fortified by Bilson's 'De Subjectione,' and the leave given by Luther and the other reformers, for Christian men "in some cases" to defend themselves, our worthy divine takes heart, and contemplates apparently with much satisfaction the "stormes that is likely to arise in that flatt ayre of England which long has been gloaming, that all the skill of the Archbishop's braine will have adoe to calme, before a thunderbolt breaks out on his own pate." This weighty point determined, Baillie seems to have thought that if he could not launch a thunderbolt, he might still have a fling at the Archbishop's head; so he set about inditing a book with the high-sounding title 'Ladensium Autokatakrisis, or the Canterburyan's Self-conviction.' Meanwhile, the laity were engaged in preparing arguments, if not more cogent, at least more tangible, in the shape of "sojourns, lusty and full of courage," and musqueteers "in good arms, with cocked matches." Previously to taking up arms, the Assembly sent a supplication to the King. This, as Baillie remarks,—

"Could hardlie be gotten presented. Howsoever, manie would have ventured to have gone with it, though their head should have gone therefore; yet, understanding the increase of the King's wrath, and the danger there was, even in peaceable tymes, for any subject to play the ambassador or capitulator with the Prince, when he did not call for, or his Council did not send up, which, by law, and his declared will, is appointed to be his onlie informer in high poynts of state; also hearing oft words from court of great spyte against the very lyves of most of our nobles, gentry, ministrie, who were able to agent our business; it was resolved, that none of note or parts should go up, without greater assurance for their returne, than could for that tyme be expected; and withall a gentleman of the Marquis of Hamilton's acquaintance, Mr. George Winrhame, undertook, on all hazards, to deliver to the Marquis the supplication; and upon his refusal, to give it to the King himself. He was no worse than his word; as, indeed, some of our fair-undertaking statesmen thereafter did prove. He went to Court, to shew the Marquis his errand; his Grace acquainted the King; who was pleased that the supplication should be received; so his Grace took it, and on his knee did read it to his Majestic in the Council. The best answer then it got was, the Scottish proverb, 'When they have broken my head, they will put on my coule.' However, the gentleman stayed many weeks for an answer, bot received none. He did us good offices there; though his letters, which were like to be sighted, were full of great feares and English brags, yet diverse of his more secret ones shew, so long as he remained there, the true estate of the Court, which was not very terrible."

When the King made "the pitiful declaration, where we are contrare to all reason and law declared, in all the churches of England the foulest traitors and rebels that ever breathed," "our next care was to have all our mindes cleared of the lawfulness of our defence;" and to that end Baillie "gave out that sheet or two, of the lawfulness of our defence by armes," for which he obtained "manie thanks." In the conclusion of this characteristic letter, Baillie innocently remarks, that he is confident "that our sweete prince will not faile to do justice upon all who countenances such tenets, [the "desperat doctrine of absolute submission to princes,"] that strikes at the root of his just and lawful soverainitie." The "sweete prince," however, held different views, and in March proceeded to put himself at the head of the army raised against the Scots. "Our marche did much affray the English campe," says Baillie, who throughout seems to have been of opinion, that without the patronizing aid of Scotland, England could scarcely hold an existence; and he gravely assures his correspondent, that when "our drummes began to beat, and our matches on the hill to shine through the darkness," many of the English "did betake them to their heels,"—"yea," had it not been for our "wise and valorous prince," there had been a greater flight. It is curious to find men in arms against their king thus complimenting him; but from the testimony of some score passages in these journals, we suspect that it was neither the abstract wisdom nor valour of the sovereign, but the accidental circumstance of his being of Scottish birth. "It would have done you good," continues he,—

"To have casten your eyes ahort our brave and rich Hill, as oft I did, with great contentment and joy, for I (quoth the wren) was there among the rest, being chosen preacher by the gentlemen of our shyre, who came late with my Lord of Eglintoun. I furnished to half a dozen of good fellows, musquets and pikes, and to my boy a broadsword. I carryed my self, as the fashion was, a sword, and a couple of Dutch pistols at my saddle; bot I promise, for the offence of no man, except a robber in the way; for it was our part alone to pray and preach for the incuragement of our countrymen, which I did to my power most cheerfullie. Our Hill was garnished on the toppe, towards the south and east, with our

mounted canon, well near to the number of fortie, great and small. * * It was thought the countrey of England was more afraid for the barbarietie of his Highlanders than of any other terror: these of the English that came to visit our camp, did gaze much with admiration upon these soule fellows, with their playds, targes, and dorlachs. There was some companies of them under Capitaine Buchanan, and others in Areskine's regiment. Our capitaines, for the most part, barrons or gentlemen of good note; our lieutenants almost all sojourns who had served over sea in good charges; everie companie had, flying at the Capitaine's tent-doore, a brave new colour stamped with the Scottish Armes, and this ditton, FOR CHRIST'S CROWN AND COVENANT, in golden letters. Our Generall had a brave royall tent; but it was not sett up; his constant guard was some hundreds of our lawiers, musqueteers, under Durie and Hope's command, all the way standing in good armes, with cocked matches, before his gate, well appparelled."

The "sojourns" were most of them "stoute young plowmen"; and he informs us they were "galliard" upon sixpence a day.

"Our sojourns grew in experience of armes, in courage, in favour dailie; everie one encouraged another; the sight of the nobles and their beloved pastors dailie raised their hearts; the good sermons and prayers, morning and even, under the roof of heaven, to which their drums did call them for bells; the remonstrances verie frequent of the goodness of their cause; of their conduct hitherto, by a hand clearlie divine; also Leslie's skill and fortune made them all so resolute for battell as could be wished. We were feared that emulation among our Nobles might have done harme, when they should be mett in the fields; but such was the wisdom and authoritie of that old, little, crooked souldier, that all, with an incredible submission, from the beginning to the end, gave over themselves to be guided by him, as if he had been Great Solymán. Certainlie the obedience of our Nobles to that man's advyces was as great as their forbears wont to be to their King's commands: yet that was the man's understanding of our Scots humours, that gave out, not onlie to the nobles, but to verie mean gentlemen, his directions in a verie homelie and simple forme, as if they had been bot the advyces of their neighbour and companion; for, as he rightlie observed, a difference would be used in commanding sojourns of fortune, and of sojourns voluntaires, of which kinde the most part of our camp did stand. He kept dailie in the Castle of Duncane an honourable table for the nobles and strangers with himself, for gentlemen waiters thereafter, at a long syde table. I had the honour, by accident, one day to be his chaplaine at table, on his left hand; the fare was as became a Generall in tyme of warre: not so curious be farr as Arundail's to our nobles; but ye know that the English sumptuositie, both in warr and peace, is despised by all their neighbours."

However the "English sumptuositie" may have been despised, the worthy personages who crossed the Border to partake of it were in no hurry to return to their bannocks. But even in the midst of this array of war, the Scots still professed their thorough obedience to their sovereign, for "had our throne beene voyd, and our voyces sought for the filling of Fergus' chaire, we woulde have died ere any other had sitten down on that fatal marble but Charles alone."

A Conference followed, as the reader probably remembers; and the points of difference were reserved for a General Assembly, shortly to be held. This, however, seems not to have satisfied the people:—

"The people of Edinburgh being sore grieved for the Castle's so sudden rendering to the hand of their great enemy Ruthven, and provoked by the insolent and triumphing behaviour of that unhappy spark Boyne, who, yetreicking from our blood in the North, woulde rattle in his open coach through their calfe, made an onsett upon him, and well near had done him violence. The Treasurer also got a chase in his coach; which in the persute brake, and he in the outcoming received some knocks, as they said, with some women's nieves: of this he was most glad; for they indured him to the King, at a tyme when his credit was verie near cracking. The Jus-

tice-Generall was also somewhat shoiored, and the Register searched in his house."

In the midst of this confusion in "Kirke and State," it is curious and interesting to find a minister in a Scotch country parish so earnestly pursuing his studies, and so anxious for the publication of works, which would not, we suspect, even in the present day, sell half so well as it appears they did more than two hundred years since:—

"I wish ye would move your Printer at Amsterdam to sett out his Current, as the French and London one is, in a sheet which may fold in two leaves, that we might get his Currents bound up in a book, which now is not possible: Also, ye woulde assaye to perswade some there who hes good types and paper, to print, for their own great profit and schollers great use, ane Hebrew Bible, and Syriack New Testament, in one volume, both with the poynts, in quantitie of our English pouch Bibles: a million of thir woulde sell in two years; [!] this kind was never yet printed, and woulde be much loved by schollers. Also the Targum, and Talmud," &c.

The next letter, entitled 'My instructions to Mr. Alexander Cunningham,' is very curious. We think no instructions to any seminary priest in the reign of Elizabeth could have been much more minute:—

"If in your way ye have occasion to divert for three or four dayes to Cambridge, or if at your leisure ye go to it from London, see Dr. Ward: try of him the secret, how Arminianisme hes spread so much there; how Shelfurde's absurdities pleases him; how they were gott printed there, with such approbation of so manie fellows, and Dr. Beell Vice-chancellor for the tyme; if the book was called in, and any censure inflicted on the approvers. His colleague in the profession, Dr. Colings, is verie courteous: sift him what he avows of Arminianisme and Canterburian poperie; they say he is farr on, and opposit to Ward. Conferre with that Dr. Beell, and try if ye find him a papist. I think Dr. Coosings be at Oxford, but if he be at Cambridge, conferre much with him: he is thought the maine penner of our Scottish Liturgie; if he will be plaine with yow, ye will see what that faction woulde be at. Be cannie in your Conferences, laist they take yow for a spy. Visit their fair Bibliothecks and manuscripts. Try who are fervent and able opposits there to Canterburie's way, and let your chief acquaintance be with them: beware of our countrey men Hay and Areskine, for I heare they are corrupt. At London acquaint yourself with Holdsworth, lecturer at Grasham Inne; [and] with Dr. Featley the author of Pelagius Redivivus: try how they can be silent to see Poperie growing. Search for the author of the Holie Table, Name and Thing. Try the present estate of Burton, Bastwick, and Prin [Prynne]; also of Lincolne, Bishop Davenant, and Hall: if they be there, conferre much with them; see if they be opposit to all Arminianisme, to bowing to the altar. Try what crucifixes and new images are at Paule's and the Chappell; and if Burton's complaints be reasonable. * * * Wale your privat tymes that ye be not marked. Try of some discreet Alderman the grounds why London did not joyne against the Scotts; what hopes there is of a Parliament, and taking order with the Canterburians for their Arminianisme and Poperie; if there be any correspondence betuixt Con and Canterburie, betuixt him and Rome, and what evidences of it; what is the charge of Sir William Hamilton, the Queen's agent at Rome; if the Prince's letter to the Pope from Spain be disavowed: There are ane hundred such things as thir, whereof ye will have occasion, if ye be diligent, to find the ground, and the very root. Search who is about the Prince, if they be orthodoxe, and if any of the chaplains be honest."

In a subsequent document, mentioning his property, Baillie says, "My bookes hes not been coft for three thousand merk;" the Scottish merk, as we find in one of the notes, was 1s. 12d., they must, therefore, have cost full 170l.; and from another remark which he makes, it appears that that sum was nearly three times as much as his annual money stipend. There are few students of our times, we think, whose books may be valued at three years' income. Nor are

these minute points without their bearing upon the history of these times. The Puritan party, Scotch and English, have been frequently held up as ignorant and uneducated men as compared with the High Church party. Now these letters of Baillie afford ample proof of the learning, at least, of his brethren. The "ultima ratio" was, however, ere long determined on; but the Scots were put to great straits for want of that main sinew of war, money. This is characteristic:—

"When I returned to Edinburgh, I fand there Rothes, Lowdown, Mr. Archbald Johnston, sent by the armie to intreat that the Town of Edinburgh woulde be pleased, on all securitie they could invent, to lend what readie monie they could spare, for the supplie of our souldiers, who were in strait for want of monie; also, because it woulde be troublesome to those of Ingland, who were much delighted with their planting, if our armie should cutt down timber for bigging of our huttes, they prayed, that the honest women might be tryed what webb's of hardin or sheets they might spare, that everie four souldiers might be accommodat in a tent of eight ell. H. Rollock had so sweetlie spoken to the people's mindes on the Sunday, that the women afternoon and tomorrow gave freele great store of that stuffe, almost sufficient to cover all our armie; and, which was more, I saw on the Monday the neighbours being convened, offer in present monies, to be lent in common securitie, verie fair sommes of monie; so that, farr above all expectation, to our great encouragement, our messengers on Tuesday got with them a large hundred thousand pound, and hope almost of as much shortlie to follow. Oft tymes has that worthie Towne been a good instrument in our cause, bot never more seasonable than at this dangerous exigent."

It would, indeed, have been "troublesome" had these soldiers cut down our noble trees "for bigging their huttes."

The Scots army crossed the Tweed "with great courage," and they "marched at leisure" through Northumberland. At Newburne they encountered the English, and lost about a dozen men; the English "had killed, as some say, sixtie, some a hundred, some five hundred;" it was considerate in Master Baillie not to go on to thousands. Victories, however, are, in some cases, more disastrous than defeats, and this seems to have been the case here, for, not twenty lines further we read, "our armie is already diminished; the straits of victuals, and discipline, hes made manie to runn away, on whom the troupers of Berwicke hes lighted sickerlie." He, however, consoles himself with the "glorious victory," and very properly remarks that, "if the English will now be beasts and dastardlie cowards, they must lie without any man's pitie under their slavish servitude for ever." Most happily the English were saved from this forlorn state, for the Scots entered Newcastle, shoeless and shirtless it is true, intending to do great things, but—

"We could gett bot little benefit of Newcastle coal; the King's ships hindered the traffick; the owners and workmen were verie thrwart to doe any service either for themselves or us; yea, we found much coosining and knaverie among that people. Some of the gentlemen who undertook to contribute, did fail of their assurances: we were forced to send out for their cattle to cause them be true. Some of the English, under our blew capes, became robbers every where: The most of the churchmen having removed all that they had considerable, left their houses, with some trash open, which their servants and neighbours spoiled; at once libells full of outrages, done or feigned by the English themselves, are presented to the King against us. The Mayor and aldermen of Newcastle pretends unabilitie to pay their two hundred pound a day: we were forced to put a guard about their town-house, till we gott new assurances from them. At the Generall's desire, out of the voluntare [?] contribution of parishes, there was with diligence sent to our sojourns, shoes, coats, hose, sarks; all was lodged in houses, the most in the suburbs of Newcastle; the fortifica-

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tions on the south syde being perfyted against a royall seidge. What ailitt our officers is not yet weell known; only Montrose, whose pryde was long agoe intollerable, and meaning verie doubtosome, was found to have intercourse of letters with the King, for which he was accused publicly by the Generall in the face of the committee. His bedfellow Drummond, his cosine Fleiming, his allye Boyd, and too manie other, were thought too much to be of his humour."

Meanwhile Master Baillie returned to Kilwinning, from whence he was summoned by a very pressing letter from the Committee of Scots lords at Newcastle, to meet them there; and also to bring with him a number of copies of his "terrible 'book' with a terrible name," which, however, they call, probably for shortness, 'Cantabrian's Self-convictions.' To Newcastle, therefore, he went, and a very characteristic letter addressed to his wife, acquaints us with the result of that visit, in his journey to London with the Scots Commissioners. Determined to open a double battery, the "cannie" Scots lords, while they were full charged with the defiance of the whole Scots kingdom, if their demands should be rejected, selected three ministers to attack their various religious opponents, and therefore arranged that Mr. Robert Blair should undertake "to satisfie the mynds of manie in England who love the way of New England better than that of presbyteries."—"I, for the convincing of that prevalent faction against which I have written, and Mr. Gillespie for the crying doune of English ceremonies for which he hes wyrt." The description of a journey to London two hundred years since, reads amusingly in these days of steam and railroads; but we can only find room for a single passage:—

"On Monday morning we came that tuintie myle [from Ware] to London before sun-ryseing; all weell horse and men, as we could wish; diverse merchants and their servants with us, on little naigs; the way extreamie foule and deep, the journeis long and continued, sundrie of us unaccustomed with travell, we took it for God's singular goodness that all of us were so preserved; none in the companie held better out than I and my man, and our little noble naigs. We were by the way great expences; their inns are all like palaces; no marvel they extors their guesta."

An account of the proceedings in London we must defer for the present.

Memoirs of Madame Lafarge. Written by Herself. 2 vols. Colburn.

WITH the great scenes, as they may with propriety be called, in this fearful drama, the readers of the *Athenæum* are already acquainted. Now, however, that the whole work is before us, it may afford them an amusing half-hour's reading, if we bring together some of the curious incidents and characters which serve to illustrate and enliven the narrative, though they have no immediate bearing on the question which the work is professedly written to elucidate: but we shall first give the Dedication:—

"To the Ladies of England.—Go, oh! my thoughts, towards that free and lovely Isle, which has sympathies for misfortune, which will have belief for truth;—go, and bear my thanks to the noble Daughters of England, who have mixed their tears with my tears; carry my benedictions to those wives, virtuous enough to believe in virtue, strong enough, perhaps, openly to absolve a poor, condemned woman. Noble Ladies, who are the happiness of those whom your hearts have chosen, the joys of your children, the glories of your homes, when I come to you, do not repulse me; let the sorrows of the prisoner mix themselves with your blessed and well-loved life; give a tear to her griefs, absolution to her faults; let your faith protect her innocence on earth, let your prayers mount for her towards Heaven.—MARIE CAPPELLE.

"Prison of Tulle, 14th of September, 1841."

The account of her childhood we have already published (*ante*, p. 611), but we shall here add a

few pencillings of early friends and neighbours:—

"Among the friends of my father, the best of my friends was Major Coger, an excellent man, who mourned the loss of his wife, trained canary birds, and loved us with all his heart. We went sometimes to take luncheon at his house, surrounded by five-and-twenty canaries, who enjoyed their freedom in the saloon. There were several beautiful little matron birds who with great anxiety strove to protect their nests even against our looks. There were also grave patriarchs who sang from earliest dawn, coquettes who scornfully crushed their grains of millet, and moistened their sharp beaks in a drop of pure water; and full grown birds who feigned to die on being touched with a blade of grass, tapped gently upon the clock when asked the time, plumed their wings, flew on to the shoulder and showered kisses without number on their master."

"The sojourn of my aunt brought us acquainted with a pretty little female, who was married to M. C. G. She was a graceful white and red wax doll, opening and closing her eyes, saying papa and mamma; and even venturing, when the great resource of her intellect was pressed by her husband, to hazard a few very gentle and amiable phrases which had no pretension to meaning, but which exhibited the docility of the mechanical spouse. Never have I seen the fanatic lover of order reign so despotically as in that young wife. She wasted more time in arranging than in living. Madame G. had a delightful apartment; but no one must presume to step upon the carpet, to repose on the ottomans, or to turn over the leaves of one of her handsome gold and silk covered books. She covered all those luxuries with gauze and paper, passed her days in a dressing-room, seated in a straw-stuffed chair, and reading a few old school-books. Dancing rumbled her light dresses; so she renounced dancing. Emotion was calculated to wrinkle her forehead, and banish the freshness from her cheek; so she drove from her all feeling and thought. In short, surrounded with all the enjoyments of life, she set her pride and felicity on preserving them from the pressure and ravages of time; and would have been perfectly happy if it had been possible for her to enclose in glass cases her husband and children."

It was at Strasburg that Marie Cappellet lost her father by the bursting of a fowling-piece. In the spring the widow and children returned to Villers-Hellon, where soon after the Duke of Orleans (now Louis-Philippe) and family arrived on a visit:—

"The Princes travelled in a large omnibus, which was really magnificent. The Duchess had the sweetness of an angel, and bore on her brow those high virtues, which, after causing us to admire the woman, have made us venerate the Queen. The Princesses were amiable and pretty, but a little satirical; and the young Princes de Joinville and Aumale were merely royal marmots, still under the rod of their tutor. Mademoiselle d'Orléans, who came also, completed the gratification of my grandfather, of whom she, above all, was the idol. * During breakfast a singular scene transpired. The schoolmaster of Villers-Hellon, wishing to approach the Princes, had obtained of my old nurse an ancient dress, formerly worn by my grandfather, and having converted the pantaloons into breeches, he believed that he had metamorphosed the whole into a very fashionable livery. He looked, nevertheless, very ridiculous; but was fortunate enough to be allowed by my grandfather to mingle with the valets-de-chambre who were to serve at table. Our grave master having, therefore, a napkin under his arm, looked with all his eyes, and listened with both ears; when suddenly, the Duke of Orleans asking for drink, he rushed forward, made a perilous and triumphant slide over some crockery ware, and fell at the feet of his astonished Highness. On relating the feeling of enthusiasm which had occasioned the metamorphosis, and the fall of that firm supporter of the alphabet, he had the signal honour of being exclusively permitted to quench the thirst of the royal and popular throat."

In the autumn her mother married again, to a M. de Coëhorn. M. de Coëhorn is spoken of as a very amiable man, and honourable mention is made of the undeviating kindness of the whole

family. There were, however, some originals among them. Thus, somewhat later in her narrative, she tells us that when the cholera broke out at Paris, they were joined by M. Edmond de Coëhorn, Secretary to M. de Sébastiani, the Foreign Minister:—

"M. Edmond fled, affected with one of those terrors which render the imagination sick, display themselves in green and yellow on the visage, and oppress the moral sense like the saddest of fixed ideas. M. Edmond, younger than his brother, had a heart suffocated with an egotism which had become chronic, with great gravity, a strange mind, and an eccentricity approaching, in some degree, to insanity. On reaching Ittenwillers, he surrounded himself with all the known preservatives against the cruel epidemic which he dreaded. He ate nothing but rice; laboured from morning till night at planning boards, for exercise; went from the saloon when a newspaper was brought in; was seized with cramp in the stomach if any one spoke of pain in the bowels; and truly disquieted himself at having healthy looks, profound sleep, and a formidable appetite. 'Believe me,' said he, with doleful conviction, 'these appearances of health are dreadful; you may laugh, but one is never so exposed to death as in this state of quietude; allow me to complain, I have dangerously good health.'"

"A sister of M. de Coëhorn, married in Russia, having come to pass some time in France, every one was anxious to celebrate her return, and to gather around her once more all the joys of the past in the land of her birth. Madame de Dunten had been buried for six years in Livonia, in a perfectly lone château, seeing her husband and the snow for nine months, and her husband and a few leaves during the rest of the year; with an excellent fortune—that is, in plains, forests, and serfs, but without a penny of money."

"Sophie, the youngest sister of M. de Coëhorn, had an excellent heart, and much originality. She would have had much good sense, but for her constant abstraction, and a profound pique against an unfortunate Roman nose which engrossed all her face; and the magnificent proportions of which had only the immense defect of being unnaturally large."

"Madame de Fontanille had no children, but a husband as good as she was kind, the winning of whom was a little romance. M. de Fontanille had quitted Gascony, to lead, at Paris, the joyous life of a bachelor. Loving all the pretty things of this world, he kept his adoration for pretty little feet; so he busied himself in making a collection of all the darling slippers which had merited his enthusiasm, and he wore always over his heart the gay satin shoe of his most recent love. Business called him to Strasbourg. There he encountered, in a drawing-room, set up on the guilt sphynx of an enormous gothic andiron—a living foot, smart, charming—of admirable purity of form, and not longer or thicker than a biscuit à la cuillère. Astonished and ravished at the same time, M. de Fontanille procured an introduction to the mother of the damsel with that delicious little foot. He saw it every day, and became impassioned with it, till, discovering that a provincial shoemaker, called in to make a new shrine for his idol, was waiting below for orders, he took fright lest the craftsman should bruise, wound, or most dreadful of all, dishonour it by giving it a corn! His disquietude was fearful, insupportable—and, in order to save that little *chef-d'œuvre*, of which he wished to become lord and master, while making it his god, he offered up to it his name, his heart, and his hand! He was accepted; and after his marriage, M. de Fontanille went nearly every year to Paris, in order to have made, under his own inspection, new shoes for his wife."

We shall now make another collection of notabilities from the visitors at Villers-Hellon. It must, however, be understood that these selections do not convey a correct idea of the tone and temper in which the work is written: we concern ourselves only with *originals*, and make selection accordingly. Here, for example, at Villers-Hellon, we pass unnoticed the Princess of Eckmühl, Mad. de Cambacères, and the Montesquius, with their wealth, their illustrious

birth, and their many virtues—for nameless but more amusing personages:—

"Corey was an eccentric little château of as strange a construction as was the mind of its occupant, Madame de Montbreton, daughter of a flour-factor of Beauvais, and wife of one M. Marquet, whose father had been—I have heard say, *valet-de-chambre*, but I wish for politeness to write—*steward* of some great nobleman. She had been imprisoned during the *Reign of Terror*, and, founding her nobility on that persecution, wished to be not only a poor but a noble victim. In order to adorn the name of Montbreton, taken or found, I know not which, she purchased, under the Empire, with her beautiful floury farthings, the title of Countess, and at a later period obtained for her husband the place of master of the horse to the Princess Borghèse. At the return of the Bourbons, she glided into the royalist ranks, became a grand lady, had young lady companions from several quarters, and embroiled herself with my grandfather, whose yeomanly rank and liberal opinions were to her insupportable. At the revolution of 1830, she fled from Paris, and recovering, under the strong influence of fear, the memory of her old friend Collard, she came to place herself under his protection. I had heard much talk of her; but she put to shame the most exaggerated of her biographers. The first time that I was at Corey she was shut up in a little quilted boudoir, in which the cushions prevented her from hearing the village bell tolling for the dead. At the end of an hour she made her appearance, with a smelling bottle at her nose and a perfume box containing chloride in her hand, to inform herself, before entering, if I was in good health; if I had long had the measles; and, lastly if any epidemic sickness prevailed at Villers-Hellon. Satisfied with the answers which were given her, she crossed the threshold of the door; approached me, sprinkled me slightly with vinegar on all sides, and kissed me on the forehead. Having been told that I was a musician, she made me sit down to the piano and desired me to play a *galop*; then rushing to her son, forced him to dance with her. 'Mother,' said Jules, breathless, and endeavouring to stop her, 'you will kill me!'—'Encore! encore!' she replied, dragging him on; 'it is excellent for the health.'—'But, mother, I shall fall through fatigue; you put me out of breath.'—'Come on! It is necessary for my digestion!' And as Jules still stood panting and half dead, she threw herself on a sofa, and said to my grandfather:—'Collard, I am most unfortunate! You see how unnatural are my children; they refuse even to dance a *galop* to repair the health of their mother. Ah! I have good reason to complain!' Madame de Montbreton passed her life on the high roads, quitting Paris whenever there were two sick persons in her street, and flying from Corey, if a woman there had the fever. She merely existed for the purpose of preserving herself from death; entertained a horror against all who were ill or unhappy; and refused to see her friends when they were in mourning. She one day sent her son and daughter-in-law from her house because she had discovered some pimples on the cheek of the little Cécile, which made her afraid of catching a disease of the skin. After pestilence, the greatest terror of Madame de Montbreton was her husband, a little, round, and inoffensive being, whom she pensioned off that they might never see each other. * * The manias of Madame de Montbreton were innumerable. At Paris she would eat no bread except that baked at Villers-Coterets; and at Corey, she had water sent from Paris, refusing to drink any but that of the Seine.

"The sons had not shared in the political broils of their mother. They became a little less royalist in our liberal little castle; and among all the agreeable things which they found at Villers-Hellon, they reckoned as the most solid, that of being released from their mother. MM. de Montbreton, with some gaiety and attraction, had an ignorance much more indisputable than their coat of arms; and a talent at saying, better than anybody else, the newest and most extravagant absurdities. Eugène, the youngest, was what might be called a good boy, who loved his friends; but would not sacrifice to his friendship the pleasure of stamping them with ridicule, and of having a jest at their expense. It is said that while Jocko, the illustrious monkey, was the rage, Eugène de

Montbreton learned to imitate him; and was so successful in the saloons of the aristocratic *faubourg St. Germain*, that the Duchess de Berry, hearing of him, expressed a desire to witness the exhibition of his talent. M. de Montbreton had the honour of an admission to enact the monkey in the little apartments of the Tuileries; and the gracious princess recompensed him by sending him the cross of the Legion of Honour! But notwithstanding all that, and perhaps on that account, Eugène was exceedingly amusing, and we liked him. We were glad of his visits, which always brought us some hours of gaiety; and as he ridiculed his friends, his friends ridiculed him, and that without scruple or rancour on either side."

Another short visitant was M. de Montrond:

"He was cheerful and agreeable; but unfortunately when he opened his mouth, I was sent from the room. It appeared that he had fled from his creditors, and that his heart had opened to old recollections when his purse closed against new debts. One fine morning, not knowing how otherwise to kill the time, he took a fowling-piece, and from the window of his chamber set himself to exercise his double barrels against our innocent ducks, all of which he destroyed. My grandfather, to perfect so good a joke, ordered his cook to send nothing to table during the next six days but the poor defuncts. M. de Montrond was obliged to eat ducks, roasted, boiled, with turnips, in stews, *en suprême*; and in *pâtés*, till, in order to forget both the ducks and his creditors, he was driven in despair from Villers-Hellon. One day he was asked what he would do if he had an income of five hundred thousand francs? '*Pardieu*, I should get in debt,' replied he, with the utmost simplicity."

The following family picture may be worth exhibiting, in contrast with the fallen fortunes and degraded estate of the prisoner at Tulle:—

"My aunt de Martens had been away for seven years from France, from her father, her family, and friends [M. de Martens was ambassador from Prussia at Constantinople]. The day of her return, therefore, was a grand day of embracing and weeping for joy—of looks compounded of smiles and tears. Seeking for the children whom she had loved, she found them become full grown young women—was all astonishment and felicitation; questions and kisses were exchanged in abundance.

"My two cousins were welcomed, and beloved among us. They were both pretty, had both brought from Germany, Italy, and the East, a little strange perfume, which rendered them deliciously eccentric. Hermine, fair and pale, was the very type of the lady of a poet's dreams. Bertha had two great eyes, a turned-up and mischievous nose, the heart of an angel, and the wit of a demon. The model-education of my cousins was the dearest thought and care of their mother. After her system, they learned their thoughts as we learned our lessons. They had, officially, every taste, idea, and belief of their mother; a perfect demeanour, reviewed and corrected daily; talents, replete with profound knowledge; and, lastly, a governess whom they governed, and who was a kind of responsible minister, tedious to herself, and still more so to those over whom she had nominal authority, being by turns the scold and the scolded. My grandfather was happy in that complete reunion of all his family. His three daughters, still young, still beautiful, and always kind and good, did with as much benevolence as grace the honours of his house. His son reigned over his fields, his woods, and even his shepherdesses. His granddaughters awakened around him a thousand echoes of pleasure and gaiety, and all those young heads which he cherished, and which adored him, seemed the benediction of his beneficent life, the crown which heaven had placed on his white hair."

Marie now accompanied her mother to Paris:—

"During that sojourn in Paris my two aunts shared the care of amusing me; and my first pleasure was a little ball at the Tuileries, where I royally fatigued myself. I knew nobody. The friends of my aunt De Martens were grave men, politicians, diplomatists, *anti-dancers* by nature and position; so, after admiring all the luxurious fairies who surrounded me; the handsome dresses and pretty faces; after having endured the vexation of finding myself rivetted to my chair, through scarcity of dancers, while my feelings were excited by the quadrilles of Tolbecque, I went to bed, fatigued, dissatisfied, and

well-pleased to repose myself at last from the pleasures of others. That evening left on my mind a superb contempt for the world. Philosophy, grafted on wounded vanity, being of the most obstinate kind, it was necessary to drag me as a victim to a charming ball given by the lady of Marshal Suchet. The kind words of that gracious lady, who told me that she well knew and highly appreciated my father, were my first joy; then the beautiful eyes of my aunt Garat, who was my protector, drew dancers around me. I met M. Ernest de Ganay, whom I had often seen at Villers-Hellon, who talked with good sense, was somewhat mischievous and very amiable; and altogether I was quite as much gratified there as I had been dissatisfied at the Tuileries; and on my return, I already found myself renouncing, with less austerity and good faith, Satan, his pomps, and his works."

Her aunt Garat's acquaintances were from a different class, as M. Garat was, we believe, Director of the Bank of France.

"My aunt's circle consisted of the most elegant women of the *Chaussée d'Antin*, of bankers, of money brokers, and of men stupid enough, but in the fashion. Certes, gold was not a chimera in this part of the world; being the aim or the means, the beginning or the end of all things; tongues vaunted it, brows were adorned by it, and many women created from it wit, grace, and beauty. The pride of gold is more intolerable than the pride of ancestry; to cover oneself in the shadow of our forefathers, in order to appear great, virtuous, and powerful, is a false pride doubtless; but to cover oneself with gold, and to fill up with crowns all the gaps and nullities of one's person, is not to have even an idea of that which makes of man a great and noble creature."

We shall now sketch a few Parisian portraits.

"M. de Nicolai, who stood for nothing in his family, was in the world the honoured honorary member of various agricultural societies and committees, and of all rural associations against fire, and devastation by hail and lightning. He was a man esteeming himself fortunate to be reckoned one among the number of respectable nobodies who constitute the honour and hope of their department: he knew when and how to hold his tongue, kept a good table, and was blessed with one of those excellent digestions that require, after each meal, several hours of quiet meditation, and hence often confer a reputation for deep thinking."

Here is a tête-à-tête between Marie Nicolai, afterwards Madame Léautaud, from whom the diamonds were stolen, and Marie Cappelle:—

"Between young girls the confidence of a secret is as important, as it is solemn for her who receives that confidence. It is an initiation to the mysteries of the soul and to the mysteries of devotion. It is, in some degree, an entrance into the paradise of her dreams; a little conspiracy against the absolute power of her family, which would retain its monopoly over her thoughts without relinquishing its monopoly of lectures. In short, it is something sacred, which makes the heart beat high; it is something forbidden, which causes it to tremble.—Marie now recounted to me, in a whisper, that, one day at the beginning of winter, having gone on foot with her maid to make some purchases, she had been obliged to enter an omnibus to seek shelter from the rain. A glove of the most orthodox yellow tint, having been tendered to facilitate her ascent, she raised her eyes, charged with thanks, to that amiable glove, when she saw that it belonged to a young man of unexceptionable form and person, who had the manners of a gentleman and the air of a nobleman. The Rue St. Honoré is very long, and it was necessary to traverse it throughout in order to regain the Rue d'Angoulême, during which time both parties examined each other, and enabled each other to divine that the result was perfectly satisfactory. Marie, in negligently playing with her handkerchief, permitted her pretty name, embroidered there at length, and surmounted with a countess's coronet, proud and coquetish, to be seen. The stranger, on receiving some villainous large sound in change from a new and brilliant piece of silver, disdainfully desired the conductor to release him from that disagreeable burden, and to scatter them among some beggars. At last, when Marie desired to descend, he descended first, again offered her his hand, then, having respectfully saluted her, remained in-

movable in the midst of the rain and the mud, to protect her with his eyes, until the moment when the great door of her *hôtei* was closed between her and him."

This yellow glove belonged to M. Clavé, whose name has since become so familiar to the public. The following letter of assignation, however it may shock our English feelings, is not the less interesting, as giving us an insight into the heart and the moral training of these young ladies:—

"For health, a promenade in the Champs-Élysées at two o'clock; for salvation, a prayer at St. Philippe."

Here is another incident, of a like character:

"One Sunday he [the unknown] came to prayers near us, in the chapel of Calvary at St. Roch; the following Sunday he was there also. On leaving, he offered the holy water to the old governess, then to me; and when my glove slightly touched his to receive from it the drop of holy water, I saw him raise his glove respectfully to his lips, and thank me with a look full of gratitude."

A scene at a christening at Villers-Hellon is equally strange and startling. The M. Ch— referred to, was a man of notoriously dissolute life, to whom, however, Marie Cappellet was strongly attached.

"The grand relations of the family of Montaignu were sent for, to give to the pretty little boy his name and his qualification of Christian; but as they could not quit Paris to baptize the little marmot, my uncle begged M. Ch— to represent his father-in-law, and I had the honour of representing the godmother. —Do you know the necessary forms for this ceremony?" said my aunt, laughing, to him. "Not at all," replied the godfather. Then, turning to me, he asked me to assist him, and to teach him his prayers. I sat down on a couch in the drawing-room; he seated himself on a low chair just at my feet, took my large mass-book, and the lesson commenced. I said the prayers over to him, and he repeated them after me. When we came to the salutation of the angel, he took a long time to learn it, a long time to repeat it; and as we finished he opened the book at the mass of marriage, and tore out the two leaves, as he said: 'You will not be able to read that again without me.'"

We will not do our neighbours such injustice as to assume that these strange incidents are to be received as fair exponents of the state either of manners or morals generally; but certainly, considering the position of the parties, they indicate a state of feeling among young persons which is somewhat fearful to contemplate.

We ought, perhaps, here to give one or more of the many portraits drawn by the artist of herself. Soon after her mother's second marriage, she observes—

"I lived somewhat uncivilized in the midst of all that world; preserving all my tastes and habits of overgrown childhood—the natural consequence of my education. My mother had often repeated to me that I was ugly, the truth of which I readily perceived, on comparing in the glass my own head with the pretty, curly head of Antonine; I therefore vowed to acquire sufficient sense to cause my failings to be overlooked, and amiability enough to render me pretty. All my days were devoted to study. During the hours of repast, and those of the evening reunions, I made myself imperceptible; and at ten, a look from my mother sent me to bed. I was so habituated not to occupy others with my insignificant self, that it appeared to me most surprising when a stranger deemed himself bound to say an obliging word to me. One day M. Edmond de Coëhorn having kissed my hand, I was so astonished, so vain, and so pleased, that I thanked him."

At that time her delight was in reading Scott's novels, and her heroine was the frank, free-hearted Diana Vernon. Shortly after, she observes—

"I had then no experience of things or of men. I believed that the principle of my actions was noble; but I was unreflecting, imprudent, wishing to act as I dreamed, never following the track beaten by opinion, and preferring a precipice to a wheel-rut. Not occupying myself with indifferent persons, without wishing to do so I deranged their combinations, and

often my own were upset by the contact. In short, I marched into life with my head raised too high to take care of my feet, observing the smallest cloud in the heaven of my thoughts, not perceiving the rocks and dangers that beset the path of reality, and obedient solely to my first impulse! My mind is lofty, self-willed, and obstinate; and ever the slave of its only counsellor, my heart. * * I united the error of so clothing reality as to render it less unamiable to my imagination; and the still more grievous one of preferring the beautiful to the good, of fulfilling the excess of duty more easily than duty itself, and of preferring in everything the impossible to the possible."

On her mother's death, she says truly and beautifully—

"I lived only in the letters that deplored with me my poor mother's loss: those of my aunts announced to us the same reception as if we had been their children, which they declared we already were in their hearts. Their affectionate language, intended to console our grief, rendered mine still more poignant: my gratitude was boundless, it stifled me; I would have preferred to live all my life alone, and to sink under its burden, to the obligation of making it thus weigh on others.—The heart is proud, and wishes to return all, even before receiving anything. I knew the extreme kindness of my aunt Garat; I anticipated at her hands nothing short of maternal care and solicitude. How should I return them? A mother's love is repaid by one's kisses, by one's talents, by one's successes; a good action is her sweetest reward; a noble sentiment will light her brow with pride; the world honours her, and God blesses her in her child's good qualities. But what could I do for my aunt? I could only love her, and to love her was so easy."

Subsequently, she observes—

"Sometimes in my days of unreasonable grief, I had doubts of myself; I asked myself if I was not mad, whether the life of joy, pleasure, and oblivion, that escapes sorrow in escaping thought, was not preferable to my way of life. I sought, but always in vain, to resign myself to the weight of the leaden mantle imposed by society on those who accept its yoke, and sought solace in the desire of acquiring knowledge. My aunt approved my love of study, telling me that cultivated talents and accomplishments were very proper in a marriageable young lady; while, for my own part, I only saw in the development of my mental faculties a means of making myself beloved, and adorned my mind for the sake of the being as yet undreamed of, but whom I vaguely hoped time would bring, to complete my existence. Whenever I wrote a noble sentiment, I repeated it aloud to him; on conquering a musical difficulty, to him I sang my triumph; I was proud in dedicating to him a good action, but to him my thoughts never dared revert when I was dissatisfied with myself; in a word, the object of my dreams was not a man, but an angel, a being formed to love me. I carefully abstained from speaking to my aunt of my beau-ideal; I sounded her once or twice, and had been told that nothing was further removed from my dream than the reality of a husband; that to indulge such ideas was fatal to young ladies, who should only aspire to a position in society, fortune, pleasure, rich bride's-clothes, and brilliant jewels, and that all other wishes, if unfortunately formed, should be stifled even in thought."

Just before her grandfather's death, she received an offer of marriage.

"Early in the winter my hand was demanded in marriage by M. de L—: I cannot express the profound emotion I experienced when my aunt De Martens conveyed to me his message of love, the first I had ever received. A new power revealed itself within me: my heart beat quicker, pleasure sparkled in my eyes, and on my forehead; I was honoured—felt grateful; and although I had no desire to marry M. de L—, I regarded him as the precursor of the great happiness I had dreamed. I had only seen him once or twice: he was young and handsome, sang admirably, and possessed agreeable manners. Had he whispered to me his love before announcing it to my aunt, I believe I should have accepted him; but there was something so matter-of-fact and reasonable in his declaration, it was so impossible to poetise it, that I could not find it in my

heart to enter the reality of existence without first seeing some of my cherished illusions blossom and fade. It would have seemed to me that I was burning some of the fairest leaves of the book of my destiny, to arrive the quicker at the last page; and I could not conceive of an end without a beginning."

On a visit to her friend Madame Léautaud, we are introduced to the animal magnetists. Marie Cappellet was just the subject for them, and their success was triumphant; for a month she rivalled our own Okeys. She confesses, indeed, that the reports made to her of her own revelations during her magnetic sleep sometimes startled and astonished her: one little incident, however, explained all.

"A singular circumstance almost shook my disbelief. The Board of Woods and Forests having a law-suit with M. Charpentier, I gathered, from a word or two dropped by a keeper and accidentally overheard by me, that he was unfairly dealt by; and, without pausing to reflect, I wrote to M. Charpentier to denounce the conspiracy directed against him, and to inform him how to defeat it. Feeling that the step I had taken would only be blamed if known, I carefully concealed it. What, therefore, was my astonishment when Madame de Montbreton informed me that I had told her all, in a fit of somnambule confidence,—that I had repeated to her my letter word for word! Shocked and alarmed, I was unable to join in the laugh raised at my involuntary indiscretion, and I refused my consent to further experiments. I have, however, since learnt that my secret was not miraculously divulged by me in my sleep, but that it was simply discovered in my escutoire, where I had deposited it, as I thought in safety."

Now comes the summons to Paris, the introduction to Lafarge, the marriage, the journey to Glandier, all of which we have given (*ante*, p. 635)—an account of the Lafarge family and their neighbours (*ante*, p. 662)—Lafarge's visit to Paris, his return, death, and her imprisonment, which concludes the work (*ante*, p. 729). As, however, we have collected during our rambles this week, a small, and, we hope, not uninteresting gallery of portraits from Paris and Alsace, we must, ere we take a final leave of the work, find room for a few incidental groups and portraits from Limousin. We gave, heretofore, a ball at Uzereche—here, then, is a dinner in the same neighbourhood:—

"The most difficult part of my reform was that which attacked the numberless abuses and intolerable dirtiness of the kitchen and the service of the table. In that country, where all business is transacted, and all pleasures commence or terminate at table—where friendship consists much more in a tender interchange of dinner than of thoughts, the art of cooking is one of seduction, indispensable in young wives, who rarely trust to mercenary hands that great instrument of household pleasure and allurements. There is no Limousin husband so ill-humoured who cannot be pacified by an excellent cup of coffee: a wife is all powerful when she can cook a hare à la royale. A potato-salamander which has not been burnt is an infallible remedy for jealousy: and the mistress of a family who knows how to vanquish the difficulties of confectionary has almost acquired the right of deceiving her spouse with impunity. Grand dinners last four or five hours; and as the number of dishes is known and commented on by the whole neighbourhood, quality must necessarily be sacrificed to quantity. The company sits down, then, round a table covered with a countless throng of large and small dishes, combined in a manner that enable them to arrange the largest number possible. Every joint of veal or mutton has a rendezvous there under different shapes; roast pullets contemplate boiled ones with an air of contempt; ducks served with olives make the modest ducks with turnips grow pale with anger. The dinner is, in fact, a gastronomic and ferocious parody of the massacre of the innocents. The interval between the first and second course is a critical moment for the mistress of the house. Her unquiet eye follows the dishes which they bring in, and observes the manner in which they place them. A servant forgets the symmetry of the table—the lady blushes and

makes uncomprehended signs—rises with vexation to re-establish the order of battle, while she scolds the rude peasant who has played so ill his part of maître d'hôtel. This second part of the dinner, which has only caused the death of five rôis, is in revenge composed of every known vegetable, of creams of all colours, and cakes of all kinds. At last, when the dessert is placed on the table, after a crisis more violent still than the first for the amiable hostess, the gaiety becomes more noisy. The butterflies which perch on the cakes; the doves that repose on the top of the biscuits of Savoy; the burning hearts which are pierced with arrows on the top of the macaroons, —become the texts of the most gallant wit and the most piquant pleantries. Then the young persons blushing discuss the sentimental romances of Mademoiselle Puget. The mothers sing songs of the Directory; and the merry songs of the fathers and the husbands terminate joyously the charming reunion. Besides the dinners, there are déjeuners-dinatoire, almost as long and as sumptuous; lunches, indispensable in country visits; and lastly, pancakes, which agreeably replace the lectures and morning concerts of other parts of France."

An aunt of M. Lafarge's took rank, it appears, among the *bas-bleus* of Limousin:—

"In person she was little, invariably shadowed by a huge green and yellow hat, as poetical as an *omelette aux fines herbes*. My aunt received me with two learned kisses, the most beautiful of all phrases, and said gravely to a sub-lieutenant of infantry of sixty, whom she held by the hand,—"Dearest, bow to this amiable niece, who comes into our deserts like the dove of the ark, bearing a branch of myrtle instead of a branch of olive. Panzani, my love, embrace your niece—she allows it—and then go and gather her a rose. He does not understand a word of French—he is a Corsican," she said to me in a whisper; "but if he speaks ill, he knows well how to love. Our marriage was quite a romance. He was dying with love for me, and my bewildered heart sacrificed on the altar of Hymen a life that I had determined on consecrating to the chaste sisters of Apollo."

"Madame Panzani's castle was situated in a lovely position—the mountains of the Saillant—the meadows watered by the Vézère—the vineyards and rich corn-fields stretched out beneath the little terrace. The interior of the house displays an artistical disorder and originality. Books encumbered the tables and chairs: some dried on their learned leaves simples, champignons, and pears; fruits of every kind were confectioning in glass bottles; and the inkstand also fulfilled the function of a saltcellar. Under a portrait of Napoleon hung M. Panzani's martial shako, which, in its discreet lining concealed the false hair, curl-papers, and pearl powder of the female author. While the sabre, which was formerly used in combat with the Bedouin, served as a support for superb bunches of grapes and bunches of morilla cherries. During the evening I passed at La Côte we had a dreadful storm. Madame Panzani, in affright, assembled her labourers around her, set them all praying on their knees, and commanded her little servant to sing, with all the strength of his lungs, the psalms of *la pénitence*; while she busied herself in counting her rosary, sometimes stopping to conceal her fear in the bosom of her old and unconcerned beloved one. When the thunder raged most heavily, the châtelaine would call to her little saboté groom—"Baptistou, my darling! sing thy *complainte d'Alger*." And then, turning towards her spouse, she murmured to him, "Then you were in all your glory, my duck; you forgot love." If a flash called her back to her terrors, she would cry—"Quick, Baptistou; sing your psalm again." And Baptistou shouted saintly with the tempest; the labourers prayed; and the rosary passed through her fingers rapidly. On the next day, when I was dressing, I took a decanter of water from the chimney-piece, drank a glass of it, and was about to use the rest in my ablutions, when Madame Panzani entered my chamber, and recoiled in affright. "Oh, good God!" she cried, "you have swallowed all my holy water. If it be an involuntary sacrilege, have mercy on us!" And while lamenting thus, she poured back her holy water piously into its saintly vessel."

This religious lady will serve to introduce a few words on the state of religion generally in Limousin:—

"Religion in Limousin is but a compound of fanaticism and superstition. The clergy of the country parts appeared to me generally very ignorant and intolerant; the pulpit often becoming the echo of scandal, and the first stone being too often thrown by the shepherd of the flock himself. In the devotion of the women there is a total absence of *juste milieu*. Some sacrificing to the 'what will people say?' fulfil with as much negligence as coldness the form of their religious duties; while others, whom they call *mettelles*, forget their household for the church, their husbands for their confessor, utter as many prayers as scandals, and if they give no alms to their suffering brethren, load with sweet confections their curé who suffers not. The churches are dirty and dilapidated; divine service is celebrated without calm or gravity; fasting and abstinence are preached to poor people who live on herbs and black bread; the vanity and dangers of the things of this world are denounced to poor wretches who possess not even the vanity of cleanliness, and who know nothing beyond their pigs, their fowls, and their privations. What a difference between such sermons and those of the simple-hearted curé of Villers-Hellon, who taught our peasants to assist and mutually love each other; to offer prayers amid their labours; and who said to the old men, 'Blessed are the poor, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven'; to the children, 'tell the truth, and honour your parents'; who taught families honesty, and young girls virtue. Superstition, all mighty amongst the Limousins, still exists in the middle ranks."

Here we take our final leave. The writer of the work has, for her brief hour, occupied the attention of all Europe. As to her moral character, it does not, in our opinion, rest on the question of guilty or not guilty of poisoning her husband—of that crime we are inclined to acquit her, and for this simple but conclusive reason, we do not believe that he was poisoned. Whoever shall have attentively considered the position of M. Lafarge—made desperate by his marriage—his exertions to retrieve himself, and his disappointments (even if they reject Mad. Lafarge's statement as to the forgeries discovered after his death), will see quite enough to explain how and why an inflammatory attack should terminate fatally. Yet, if we believe the evidence, though he was literally dosed with arsenic—fed on arsenic—his chicken broth thickened with arsenic—his drinks sweetened with arsenic—though it was sent for openly by the pound, and, that no opportunity might be lost, administered by the pinch—life and death were long uncertain, and not a trace of the poison could be found by surgeons and chemists who analyzed the contents of the stomach—the verdict of guilty resting on a subsequent examination of other chemists, and the delicate and doubtful test of the slight discoloration of a piece of metal, held, by many of equal reputation, to be no proof at all. It is fairly observed in the preface to the work—

"During two whole days, on the weighty testimony of scientific men, all Europe believed in her innocence: during two days humanity rejoiced that a frightful crime had not been committed, and that a youthful female, accomplished and interesting, came out pure from an infamous accusation. For two days did the voice of the whole press repeat the applause of an affected auditory, while, echoing from one end of France to another, those acclamations awakened a sympathetic echo in every generous breast. Two days after all was changed. Science rudely destroyed the decision of science. Two days after, science saw crime where she had seen innocence; poison where she had seen none. The verdict of a jury hallowed her new decision."

Encyclopædia Britannica. Edited by Prof. Napier. Edinburgh, A. & C. Black.

With the exception of Index and Preface, this important work is now complete; and honestly and liberally have the publishers fulfilled their engagements with the public. It is perfectly true, as stated in the notice prefixed,—"The successive Parts of the First Nineteen Volumes issued from the press

with a punctuality unexampled in similar publications; and when interruption did occur, which was chiefly in the last two volumes, it was occasioned by the anxiety of the editor to procure important contributions, some of which it was impossible to get out of the hands of the writers in the stipulated time. Had the editor been content with a superficial correction of the old articles, a more rapid rate of publication might easily have been attained, while a large amount of expenditure would by the same means have been saved to the proprietors. It was found, however, that in order to maintain the pre-eminent reputation of the work, corrections and new articles would be required to a much greater extent than was originally contemplated; and to obtain these from the hands of their respective contributors in due time for publication, demanded no small exertion on the part both of editor and proprietors. In consequence of the very extensive alterations and additions thus introduced, the expense of publishing the Seventh Edition has greatly exceeded the original estimate; but the publishers are happy to acknowledge that this excess has to a great extent been compensated by a corresponding increase in the sale of the book."—This is as it should be—the patronage of the public has kept pace with the zeal and liberality of the publishers, and, we may conscientiously add, has stimulated them to fresh exertion, for some of the best essays have appeared in the later portions of the work, and we would in proof refer to the admirable treatise on the Steam Engine. Other circumstances the publishers have a just right to put on record:—"After the publication of the Second Volume, the size of the page was enlarged; and after the appearance of the Ninth, it was still further enlarged; while to the present volume there have been added no fewer than 227 pages. At the commencement of the work, the Geographical Articles were illustrated by Quarto Maps, the intention of the publishers being to limit them to the number usually given in similar works. These Maps however they afterwards cancelled, and substituted a new series of a Folio size, adding also to their number, so as to form a complete Atlas. The number of wood-cuts and of plates was also greatly increased."—The promised Index will be a most valuable addition to the work—by this means the information necessarily scattered throughout many general treatises, will be collected under one head, so that the whole contents of the *Encyclopædia* will be available at a glance.

The Pictorial Palestine, Vol. I.—*Natural History*, Vol. II.—*Bible History*. By John Kitto, Editor of the Pictorial Bible. Knight & Co.

THESE volumes are a worthy supplement and companion to the Pictorial Bible. There is probably no country in which the circumstances of soil, climate, and production, exercise a more direct influence over the habits and customs of the inhabitants than Palestine, and there is certainly none in which a knowledge of its physical aspect is more requisite to the right comprehension of its civil history. The allusions to the physical characteristics and natural products of this country in the Scriptures, do not so much afford information to, as require information in the reader: this is particularly the case with the narratives in Genesis, which are, for the most part, purely domestic, the history of patriarchal families extending to the minutest circumstances in the economy of the tent and field. To those who live in a far different age and country, such narratives, without some explanation, are scarcely more intelligible than the domestic economy of an English farmer would be to a New Zealander, or the contrivances of a Manchester operative to the Tatars of the Desert. No commentary can adequately remove such difficulties; a note can only identify some particular animal or explain particular allusions, but what the biblical student wants is an entire picture. When he reads of angels visiting Abraham as he sat in "the door of his tent," he cannot adequately comprehend the motives and extent of the patriarch's hospitality unless he has some notion of the country through which the apparent travellers were journeying, and the limited resources on which they depended.

The Geography of Palestine, so far as the identification of ancient sites is concerned, has recently engaged the attention of many eminent travellers; the

localities of Jerusalem have been subjected to the test of a searching criticism; the existing land-marks have been examined and measured and scrutinized, and corrections obtained from nature herself of the guesses and traditions, which the monks have repeated to credulous pilgrims, and which the latter hitherto received as implicitly as "proof of holy writ." Doctor Robinson has taken a still more extensive survey of biblical locality and completely revolutionized Scriptural Geography. But there was wanting a Natural as well as a Historical Geography of Palestine: in addition to knowing where places are to be found, it was desirable to learn what were their physical productions and capabilities,—what were their plants, their animals, and their vital statistics.

Mr. Kitto has combined the geography of Palestine with the physical aspect and natural history of the country. His wood-cuts, particularly those relating to botany and zoology, convey more information at a glance to the biblical student, than could be attained from the whole host of commentaries; and his meteorological notices illustrate countless allusions to atmospheric phenomena, which were favourite illustrations with the inspired teachers of a people that lived so much in the open air.

Less labour was required in the Bible History; but even here Mr. Kitto's personal knowledge of the East has enabled him to elucidate many obscurities, which arise from the social differences between Europe and Asia. The character of oriental nations is so stereotyped, that the Palestine of to-day is a living commentary on the Palestine of three thousand years ago. Hence the pictorial illustrations not unfrequently combine the interest of living manners with the value of historical elucidations. Such a work must at once recommend itself to all biblical students.

The Vines of Burgundy and Champagne—[Manuel du Vigneron]. Par M. Clerc. Châtillon sur Seine.

In a vine country every assistance to which science or experience can help the cultivator is received with gratitude; and we observe by the foreign journals that in Germany a Society has lately been established with especial reference to this object, and that it was to hold its first meeting at Wurzburg, on the 6th instant. Many small casks of the best wines from the Moselle, the Rhine, and the Maine, had been sent in for competition, and abundance of fruit was expected. Would we had been elected one of the judges! In Champagne and Burgundy, pamphlets are continually appearing, as well as works of larger bulk, which hold out, as temptations to the purchaser, improvements in the method of cultivating the vine, or in the manufacture of wine. It does not appear, however, that much change has taken place since the time when Arthur Young, in 1787, visited the caves of Epernay, which have merely changed masters; and instead of M. Lasnier and M. Dorsé, who had in his time from 50 to 60,000 bottles in those extensive cellars, M. Moët, of our own, can boast of having no less than three millions, and Mr. Jackson, of Auxerre, can do the same, besides numerous other merchants, whose fine country houses and extensive grounds prove their riches and the success of their speculations.

To M. Moët, or his heirs, for he is lately dead, now belongs the famous vineyard of Hautvilliers, formerly one of the rich possessions of the Benedictines, every trace of whose convent is swept away; but the vineyard remains, and probably flourishes all the better, over the mouldering stones of the fallen walls, for the vine is generally said to prefer a stony soil. M. Clerc, however, contends that "earth which is *nourishing*, slightly stony, rather light, and not humid, suits the vine best." The most advantageous position, he says, is on the slope of a hill in a south-eastern direction. "The summits of hills are too much exposed to winds; the bottom of vallies and plains may be

good for the production of the wood of the vine, but the grapes do not ripen so well as on the inclined coteaux. *Bacchus amat colles.*" M. Clerc, of course, enters into minute details respecting the best manner of planting a vineyard, the distance at which the vines should be set, of the rows from each other, and like matters, of great importance in the Côte d'Or, but of very little to us, who have no vineyards to plant or cultivate. But his directions let us occasionally into little mysteries, not without interest to wine drinkers as well as vine growers. It is not enough, he observes, merely to plant; the quality of, rather than the quantity produced by, the vine, should be considered. Philip-le-Hardi, Duke of Burgundy, issued an ordinance at Dijon, in 1395, expressed in these words: "Understanding that on the hill where the best wine in the kingdom is grown, and of which our Holy Father the Pope, our lord the King, and many other great Lords, are in the habit, by preference, of making provision, there has been of late planted *gamaïs*, a bad plant, which has many times deceived and defrauded foreign merchants, by which much injury and loss has been sustained, it is hereby ordered that the *déloyal gamaïs* shall be cut and extirpated in a month from this time, under penalty of a fine of sixty sous each plant;" so desirous was the Duke that the reputation of the famous wine of Burgundy should not suffer. The habit of planting different sorts of vines should be avoided, M. Clerc tells us, and for reasons which apply equally to the planting several sorts of wheat, &c., because some come to maturity sooner than others. A good plant should be chosen at first, and to that one the grower should keep as much as possible; a rule but little attended to at the present day.

M. Clerc recommends that vines should be planted in *cordons*, and run on trellises; but many of the best, he says, are still grown on single props. This is the case at Chablis, and in some other excellent vineyards; but it appears that the support of the trellises is generally recommended; although to a casual observer, a mere traveller amongst the vines, the difference is not very apparent. It is not uncommon to observe between the ranks of vines beans and potatoes, but this is a custom which is not approved. Judicious pruning is of the utmost consequence; indeed as much is thought to depend on that operation as on the position of the vineyard or the quality of the plant. There must be great caution, too, says M. Clerc, in the choice of a vine-dresser; and there is always danger in employing a vigneron who is himself a proprietor, for many reasons, some obvious enough, but among others, because certain operations should only be performed in certain states of the weather, and these particular periods he always contrives to devote to his own vineyard. "I know," says M. Clerc, "a proprietor who being in treaty with a vigneron to attend to his plants, and having a high road at the foot of the vineyard, introduced this clause: I expect them to be dressed in such a manner, that passers by shall think they belong to a vine-dresser." Another anecdote is characteristic. A proprietor passing his vineyard one day in a spring frost, found his labourer working, although it was a most injudicious time. "Bonjour, Monsieur," said the vigneron. "*Bons jours* are for you, not for me," replied the angry master, and passed on.

There is an old proverb which explains the different seasons when the vines may be expected to be productive; it is still quoted in the wine countries:—

Quand la pomme passe la poire
Vends ton vin, ou le fais boire;
Quand la poire passe la pomme,
Garde ton vin, bon homme.

The famous *vin de la comète* of 1811 was superior to any that had ever been known.

When the Allied Powers occupied France, the soldiers, who knew but little French beyond the word *comète*, which they repeated incessantly, gorged themselves night and day with this nectar, which they exhausted, and of this incomparable crop the memory alone remains! That of 1834 is still boasted of with pride on the banks of the Loire; and we believe the vintage was equally fine in other parts of France.

By a singular contradiction, a very abundant year generally brings ruin on the vigneron, who, with his family, solely employs himself in cultivating his own vines. The reason is plain enough: his casks and vats are overflowing, and he cannot dispose of his teeming treasures; his wine therefore, remains too long in old casks, gets a bad flavour, and a thousand accidents happen which he has no power to remedy. It is otherwise with the large proprietor, to whom an opportunity is afforded of exporting more wine, and consequently gaining considerably.

Those grapes which are the most agreeable to the palate are not always the best for wine; indeed, that which they produce is frequently bad; and the reverse is also the case: a great change takes place in the course of fermentation, and the different operations necessary to bring out the real qualities of the fruit, so that it is impossible to judge by merely tasting the juice, what it will hereafter become.

The plant which is called *Pinot* is reputed to produce the best wine; yet there are but few vineyards entirely planted with it; because, though the wine is superior, the produce is so small that the expense of cultivation is scarcely compensated by the price. For this reason they mix it with other grapes, and make what is called *vin pinoté*: this is to be regretted, as there is no comparison in the quality, and the buyer is defrauded who thinks that he has obtained possession of the precious juice of the real *Pinot*, a piece of good fortune which attends very few. If a *Pinot* is surrounded by plants called *troyens*, the flavour of the fruit of each will partake of the other; it is therefore desirable, in order to preserve the wine pure, that the plants should be grown separately.

In travelling in Champagne and Burgundy, the stranger is sometimes surprised that the wine given him at inns is so bad; but perhaps in no part of France is he likely to meet with so much bad wine, because all that is indifferent is "drunk on the premises;" and it often happens that an innkeeper has a small vineyard of his own, which yields wine enough for his purposes; he therefore presents his bad wine to his guests, trusting that the general reputation of the country will save him from the necessity of producing that which is more expensive. Every sort of flavour between ink and vinegar is to be found in Champagne, the *ordinaire* being in general poor at the best, and in most cases detestable. It is only at private tables that good wine is to be had, and the mere passer-by may hope to meet with it in vain. The common wine of Burgundy is better, on an average, than that of Champagne: as soon as the frontier is passed, the difference is perceptible; and at Tonnerre the excellence of the first Burgundian vintage is appreciated: if by chance, however, the stranger tastes that of Tanlay, only two leagues off, he is struck with the inferiority of its quality. After all, there cannot be the slightest comparison as to general excellence between the wine of Bordeaux and that of any other *ordinaire* in France; but its price is out of all bounds in the two rival districts.

It would be an almost endless task to describe the qualities of the different vineyards abounding in Burgundy. In the neighbourhood of many towns are small spots which produce a vintage greatly esteemed, but whose quantity is

insufficient to make it worth while to send it from the neighbourhood. The famous wines of the Côte d'Or begin at Corpeau, below Dijon; there is the *Clos*, distinguished by amateurs, of Santenay, Morgeot, Gravières, and Chassagne, and the white wine of Meursault. The renowned vineyards of Volnay and Pomard follow, with those of Beaune. Near Aloxe is the well-known and esteemed growth of Corton, considered equal to the *Clos Vougeot* itself. An excellent *ordinaire* is produced at Comblanchin. The celebrated wines of Romanée-Conti, Richebourg, and La Tâche, are found near the little town of Nuits, near which are the splendid vineyards of Vougeot and Chambertin. The wines of Beaupolais and the Mâconnais in general are more esteemed as *ordinaire* than fine wine; but some of them are distinguished by superior qualities, such as Romanèche, Thorins, Moulin-à-vent. Those of the Châlonnais which have the highest character, are Givry and Mercurey.

It is to be regretted, that the thirst of gain should so prevail as to go far towards destroying, by degrees, a reputation which ages have established; and that the introduction, even into the best vineyards, of the proscribed *gamaïs*, which excited the indignation of Philip-le-Hardi, should be still practised. There can be no doubt that this, if persevered in, will ruin the fine wine which has gained for Champagne and Burgundy a name amongst nations; and it is generally acknowledged that the quality of most of the celebrated vintages has greatly changed within a few years.

List of New Books.—Keith's Arithmetic, new edit. edited by Maynard, 12mo. 4s. 6d. bd.—Jackson's Course of Military Surveying, 2nd edit. 8vo. 14s. cl.—Matthie's History of Greek and Roman Literature, 12mo. 6s. cl.—Dick's Celestial Scenery, 3rd edit. 12mo. 10s. 6d. cl.—Granville's Hand Book to Bath, 6s. 8vo. 3s. 6d. cl.—Memoirs of Madame Lafarge, written by herself, 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s. cl.—Prophetic Messenger and Almanac for 1842, 12mo. 2s. 6d. swd.—Travels of Maritime Discovery, 16mo. swd. 2s. 6d. cl.—Letters on Musical Notation, &c. 8vo. 1s. 6d. swd.—Chalmers (Dr.) on the Parochial System without a Poor Rate, 12mo. 5s. cl.—Edwards on Infant Baptism, 4th edit. 12mo. 2s. 6d. cl.—Vanes on the British Nail Trade, oblong 4to. 31s. cl.—Hints for Australian Emigrants, &c. by P. Cunningham, 8vo. 5s. 6d. bds.—Percy's Tales of the Kings of England, Richard II. to Elizabeth, square 16mo. 4s. 6d. cl.—Campbell's Lives of British Admirals, abridged, 6s. 8vo. 7s. 6d. cl.—A Manual of Perspective, with illustrations, by J. Wood, Jun., 8vo. 4s. 6d. cl.—Dodd's Parliamentary Pocket Companion, 18mo. 4s. 6d. cl.—Cowper's Poems, edited by the Rev. T. Dale, 75 plates, 2 vols. 8vo. 24s. half-morocco.—Markham's England, 9th edit. 2 vols. 12mo. 12s. bds.—The Adventures of a Soldier, Memoirs of Edward Costello, post 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.—The Parish Clerk, by the author of Peter Priggins, edited by T. Hook, 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d. bds.—Howitt's (W.) Student-Life of Germany, 8vo. 21s. cl.—Westwood's British Butterflies, 52 coloured plates, femy 4to. 11. 18s. cl.—Farker's Exercises in English Grammar, 3 parts in 1 vol. 12mo. 4s. 6d. cl.; Part III. 12mo. 2s. bd.—Tidd Pratt's Public General Statutes, passed 4 & 5 Vict. 8vo. 6s. bds.—Nummeley on the Nature, Causes, and Treatment of Erysipelas, 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.—Ward's Outlines of Human Osteology, 32mo. 5s. cl.—Dr. Catherwood on Diseases of the Air Passages, Lungs, &c., 8vo. 7s. 6d. cl.—Pathology founded on the Natural System of Anatomy, &c. by A. Walker, 8vo. 5s. 6d. bds.—Dr. Carpenter's Principles of General and Comparative Physiology, 2nd edit. 8vo. 18s. cl.—Bishop Henslow's Meditations, 18mo. 2s. cl.—Rev. Archdeacon Bore's History of the Common Prayer, 2nd edit. 12mo. 5s. cl.—Rev. Dr. Sherlock's Church Catechism Paraphrased, 18mo. 1s. cl.—Anderson's (Rev. R.) Exposition of St. John's Gospel, Vol. II. 12mo. 7s. cl.—Jewell's Exposition of St. Paul's Epistles to the Thessalonians, new edit., revised and corrected by the Rev. P. Hall, M.A., post 8vo. 7s. 6d. cl.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

[In a former letter (No. 677) Mr. D'Abbadie mentioned that his brother and himself had been compelled to return from Sömen, Oobie having prohibited them from passing through his territories. In the present he gives an extremely interesting account of their interview with Oobie.]

Tujuröb, 31st March.

In a deep cave, dug by no mortal hand,
A hermit lived—a melancholy man.

When a Dajazmach bids a new comer to be immediately ushered into his presence, it is a sign either of high favour, or of unequivocal displeasure. Oobie was reclining on his *alga*—a frame filled with a web of leathern thongs, and supported by lofty legs: on each side of the alcove were tall pages ready to screen with their *ghamma* the haughty Dajaz whenever he approached the horn of mead to his beardless face.

This is a practice appertaining to royalty only, for Dajaz Gwocho, and even Sohia Söläse, though more powerful than the Sömen chief, disdain such proud behaviour. On the left of Oobie's alcove was a second recess, more capacious, originally destined for the favourite horse, but now filled with turbaned priests, who all remained standing, in order to catch a glimpse of Oobie's features. The rest of the select audience sat on the ground, leaving an open space in the middle, where some live embers glowed in the dark, for no mansion is habitable without fire of some sort to chase away the Evil Spirit. We bowed on entering, and as Oobie did not offer the customary invitation to be seated, we placed ourselves on the ground without ceremony. Strings of meat parched in the sun were then brought in and held in baskets before us, while our host repeatedly told us to eat in a jargon neither Amharic nor Arabic. We were afterwards presented with *brillés* (green glass bottles, with large bellies and long fluted necks,) of stiff mead, at best a most heinous beverage. Oobie having, nevertheless, refreshed himself with a copious draught of the same, began by informing us that the words *gypt* (white man) and fool were perfectly synonymous, ordered us back to our country, swore, by the death of his father Haylo, that we should never enter Gondär; and as my brother ventured to expostulate, the Dajaz accused him of being a Musselman; upbraided me for having written the Agaw language, and, finally, told us that he would cut off our hands and feet, which is the old punishment for high treason. A courtier observed, aloud, that we were the first whites who would undergo that cruel operation; and Oobie, having added that we should not be the last, ordered himself to be screened, and dismissed his audience. In a similar predicament a native has no chance; on leaving the presence he is immediately seized, and the sentence of mutilation is executed by separating, with a razor, the tendons and teguments of the right wrist and left ankle; a slight effort then suffices to detach the condemned limbs. Fortunately for us, the order had not been repeated, and we proceeded to a cheerless hut, where, for want of fire-wood and warm clothing, we passed a wakeful night.

Next morning we learnt that our servants had fasted, our dole of provisions having been purloined by Oobie's servants, and that not one of our friends was then present at Maytäho. Towards noon the messengers of the Dajazmach were announced, and we rose to hear his orders:—"Stay not by day, stay not by night, or you know not what awaits you." Such is the legal form of a sentence of exile. Our porters now refused, in good earnest, to carry; the messengers pressed us repeatedly to depart, and in less than a quarter of an hour we were out of sight of the scattered camp of Maytäho. Here Zalliko came running after us, to ask and receive our blessing. We then alighted, for our mules had not fed since *adih'anzee*, and entered the beautiful wood which hangs from the mountain top to the verge of a trap-pie precipice, probably a thousand feet deep, and crowned by our shelving footpath. We had scarcely reached the open space which slopes down to Ghomarwa, when rain and hailstones fell in such torrents that it was literally impossible to proceed. We saw a long time on the naked ground, and then ventured cautiously along, by walking in the bed of a rivulet where sandals of any kind would be quite unserviceable. Fortunately, like most Abyssinians, we could walk barefooted, and had some hopes of refilling our beasts in the K'wälla, before reaching the dagas of Zano, which are pebbled with sharp iron ore. We had no money, all our intelligent servants had been left behind with the baggage, and we had three days before talked too boldly of a suit for damages to expect now much provisions from the villagers of Shomarwa. Still there was no remedy, and we sat on the wet ground while the wind blew through our drenched garments. We had remained more than an hour in cheerless silence, when a dapper old man with a white lämd, or tippet, of sheepskin, his *shämma* drawn up about his shoulders, and his spare legs bespattered with mud, came rushing into the middle of the common, where he was met by a grey-haired cotemporary, who had come with equal swiftness in an opposite direction. The scene was quite theatrical. The little old man stretched his arms, and, falling back a few paces, addressed his brother peasant with lofty politeness:—"And does Kidana Wold's lord-

ship suppose that cold, and hunger, and weariness, are banished out of this world? Your Highness has not perceived that our masters are despatched on an errand of life and death by the Dajaz, whom they have scarcely seen one day. The good name of Shomarwa is dwindling every day, and all by your doing. I knew it would come to this. Go prepare the lodgings, and I will collect the supper. I knew it would come to this."—We were benumbed, and Kidana Wold was loth; so we moved on slowly; but we were soon perceived by him of the lämd, who had already paddled a considerable way in quest of the supper. He now came back, ran before us, and the next moment was knocking at the enclosure of a yard filled with live stock, and surrounded by snug huts.—"Brother Ramha! Ramha! Ramha!" said our dapper guide, "it is your turn to lodge guests, so turn out."—But Ramha was dumb. The little old man made his club rattle against the wooden fence, and was at last going to break open Ramha's castle, when a shrill female voice called out:—"Ramha is either ill or asleep; won't turn out, and won't give his roof to any guest, not even to a holy friar going to Jerusalem."—"I knew it would come to this: Shomarwa's name is sinking," said the officious old busybody; "but I know a hut, only rather small, rather small." This hut, not much inferior in size to a good opera box, contained an *alga*, a huge gan, three pots, and about a dozen naked children, who were left within by express stipulation. But the addition of six men was more than enough for the capabilities of the house; our guide had vanished; and our three servants, observing that, since we were treated like great men, we should act as such, turned out the little prattlers—

To seek for shelter in a humbler shed.

Alas! whether in India, the United States, or Abyssinia, it is, indeed, the law of all flesh, that the stronger shall displace the weaker.

We slumbered in our wet clothes until four in the morning, when we departed, in order to avoid the busy old man, who might have learnt the truth from Maytäho, and would, probably, then tease us for a present. We reached T'chilat'chök'enee after a march of fourteen hours, rested there two days, and were rejoined by most of our servants, who, by taking other roads, and affirming that we were behind, fared everywhere at the expense of the Abyssinian public.

On the evening of the 25th of May we arrived at a pretty hamlet of five or six houses, built in one enclosure, and conspicuous by a stately tree, at whose foot we took up our quarters. The inhabitants, one and all, came in a body to tell us that we might remain there for ever, but that as nobody would receive us, it was much better to seek our supper elsewhere. Tesfay, my brother's favourite servant, had plaited his hair like a soldier, and, coming forward—"May Oobie die," said he, "if I am not his soldier, sent on purpose to quarter his friends on overfed rascals like you! Bring forty loaves, a horn of mead for my masters, a gombo of beer for us, a fat sheep, three measures of barley for our cavalry, and enough chopped straw to keep them from starving. Moreover, prepare a house with two *algas*, kindle a fire, and bring hot water to wash my masters' feet, or by the death of Oobie every one of you shall pay one cow and one cotton cloth." But the villagers, unwittingly hitting on the very truth, laughed at Tesfay's vehemence, told him he was a cheat, and entering their inclosure secured the gate behind them. We had now every prospect of a supperless night, but trifles bring round great events. Somebody remarked that our mules held their noses very high, and on searching the cause we discovered a neat loft concealed in the branches of the tree, and filled with chopped straw, contrary to the Amharic proverb, "leave no provender by the road side." In spite of our admonitions, Tesfay resolved to continue to play his part as a soldier, and climbing the tree he soon scattered the straw on the ground. The peasants were so astounded by this audacious act, that they sent a messenger, who meekly told us to come in and partake their own fare. Indeed, they were poor folks, had no sheep, but would slaughter half-a-dozen fowls, and begged we would speak favourably of their conduct to Dajazmach Oobie. These good people treated us so well that we were enabled to pass the following night in a meadow without troubling any other hamlets. On the 27th we arrived at Adwa.

I shall now anticipate events, to relate the sequel of Oobie's inexplicable anger. Abba Walda Mariam, a hermit renowned for his sanctity, had passed three years in such a secluded part of the Waldoobba Kallas that, according to popular belief, angels ministered unto him: he had known and despised the world.

For he had been a soldier in his youth, and fought in famous battles.

The spirit of our Middle Ages is still floating in Abyssinia. Abba Walda Mariam was a leper, but his counsels were looked on as a voice from heaven, and princes sought his benediction as a treasure. Some months after our exit from Maytäho he took his white staff and departed with the rising sun in quest of Jerusalem. Oobie, as liege lord of Waldoobba, ordered him to his camp. When the reverend friar entered, Oobie dismissed every one of his attendants, left his *alga*, tied his shamma round his waist like a petitioner for justice, and with bare feet and shoulders remained standing before his holy guest. These are honours which Oobie pays only to the Ras. He now sued for the blessing of one so dear to Heaven: "I will give it," said the hermit, "but having tarried for thy sake I go not without a guerdon." "I know it," said the haughty Dajaj, "and I have already ordered my treasurer to give you three hundred dollars for travelling expenses."—"I want no money; God has provided for me three years in the wilderness: our Lord Jesus and his blessed Virgin Mother will not forsake a poor pilgrim. But when I ask gifts from the Son of Hayloo, it is of that sort which thou wilt concede to nobody else, and which, nevertheless, will do more good to thy soul hereafter than monied alms: I ask the pardon of — and — naming two imprisoned chieftains; "I grant it," said Oobie, rather impatient at standing so long; "Now, holy father, give me your blessing."—"I have still a favour to ask," replied the pertinacious friar. "What! some other prisoner?"—"The party shall be nameless, for I want a full and unconditional pardon." The proud chieftain was now humbled in good earnest. "You want me," said he, "to release Dajaj Kalsay, my mortal enemy; you seek to rob me of my *nagareets*."—"My ambition is not of that sort: the object of this last favour is neither thy friend nor thy enemy: moreover, he is beyond the reach of thy power, and to me he is a perfect stranger. But thy bounty is small, therefore Walda Mariam has no blessing to give."† He was then prepared to depart, when Oobie granted the boon by the death of Hayloo, and again sued for pardon from heaven. The good friar now said the Lord's prayer over the bended Dajajmach, and then pronounced a solemn blessing. Oobie, still trembling as he rose, asked whom he had pardoned. "Michael, the Gyp," said the hermit, meaning my brother.—"I most willingly pardon him," said Oobie. I had indulged too freely in my brylle, said a few hasty words, and sent him off. But my holy father is going to Mussawwa; let him tell Michael that he and his brother may return, and I will receive them as friends." Abba Walda Mariam then departed, and some days after entered my brother's house at Miharikat, near Döga, to give him the good tidings. On being asked why he took such interest in a stranger, the hermit simply replied: "I am a child of Gojam, and though now absent three years, I had learnt from some of my brothers that a Gyp named Michael entered my country and was intimate with Gwocho; when afterwards I heard of your reception at Oobie's camp, I knew he had wronged you, for I could think no evil of one who had been in Gojam, the friend of the most Christian Dajajmach of Ethiopia.

My brother would have willingly gone back, but I had given him rendezvous in A'den, where I had repaired in the foolish hope that I would find there more hospitality than in Abyssinia. Oobie is, indeed, a barbarian, according to our European notions; yet he could recall us and pardon our involuntary and unknown offence, but an enlightened Indian Political Agent cannot.

ANTHONY D'ABBADIE.

* The *nagareets* are large kettle drums. In Abyssinia, amongst the Afar tribes, and, I believe, all through tropical Africa, the drum is an emblem of power, like our sceptre. A Dajajmach has 44 *nagareets*. If he has been deposed by the Ras, the common expression is, the Ras has taken away his *nagareets*.

† It is impossible to give in English the proper features of the conversation, which would be better expressed in French, *Permitte tuiquait le Dajajmach*.

Venice, September 21.

To begin a letter from Venice with some notes concerning Munich, may seem to be little less incoherent than the babble of Fluellen about Macedon and Monmouth; and yet "there are salmons in both," as regards art and manners, which, in some degree, justify me to my own fancy. I catch myself thinking of the Bavarian capital, here, as often as when there, I was provoked at the wanderings of my mind from the present wonders of the Isar to the anticipated romance of the Canale Grande, and Piazza di San Marco.

To talk in detail about the new works of art at Munich would be superfluous, so amply have you catalogued them recently.* To criticize painting and sculpture I have little pretension; and therefore was disposed to tax myself as splenetic, both in the New Palace and in the Basilica of San Bonifazio, and the Ludwig's Kirche, because, in spite of a prodigality of labour and invention, recognizable in all, they still left me cold, and under the impression that I was looking upon efforts, not creations. The enormous quantity of decorative painting lavished upon the latter building appeared to me to want climax and central interest; the transepts to be no less loaded than the vault above the choir; and this again so gorgeously bedecked with saints and hierarchs, that the 'Last Judgment,' by Cornelius, which fills the entire expanse of wall behind the grand altar, became only one among many objects, instead of the final point of adoration—the crowning mystery, as it were,—on which the eye and heart should rivet themselves on crossing the threshold. I say I mistrusted all these objections till I was assured of their validity by my impressions on entering St. Mark's. There, in spite of thick-crowding recollections of Dandolo and Doria, and the gorgeous ceremonials over which they had presided in the palmy days of "the Sea-Cybele"—in spite of all the temptations to the eye, which every accumulated treasure of marble and bronze and mosaic could urge, whether clothing the dome like a firmament, or spread like a carpet under foot—the figure of the Evangelist, the guardian spirit of the place, towering behind the high altar, made itself all predominant,—with such force and authority, putting aside all other claims upon heart and eye, that the decorations of his shrine, and the legends which every step across its time-worn pavement conjured up, arranged themselves, as it were, subordinately to the one over-mastering sentiment of veneration. I must be forgiven if I seem high-flown and fantastical; but in days when it is attempted to revive the antique and symbolical schools of art, what avails it, unless their inner spirit be penetrated? and where lieth the wisdom of the attempt, if it be felt that inner spirit belonged to times and creeds other than, and opposed to, our own? Whether I am right or not, in my appreciation of old and new Byzantine church-building, all will agree in the pleasure it gave me to find that a certain amount of repair and restoration is going on, even in this decayed city, to preserve its religious and historical monuments: workmen are repairing the lunettes in the *façade*; and a mosaic or two has been replaced, though the old skill of the Zuccati and the Bozzas is hardly evidenced in the flaming colours, and (to my eye) uneven workmanship of the new portions. I could not help ardently wishing that friendly Fate had ordained that the munificent and enlightened Louis of Bavaria, instead of making Munich, should save Venice! Repairs, too, though on a small scale, are lazily going on in the superb court of the Ducal Palace; and, as I heard a lady say, (alas! I fear you need not be told of what country) "they have done up the Bridge of Sighs!"

In music and the drama the flat seasons of Munich and Venice have afforded me their parallel also. The performance I heard in the former city was Marschner's 'Der Vampyr.' Elaborately clever as is the composition, nay, delightful in parts to the instructed ear, from its amount of contrivance, and reply, and orchestral contrast, and most carefully as it was performed by the best theatrical orchestra I have heard in Germany under Herr Kapellmeister Luchner's guidance, the heaviness and wearisomeness of the whole became almost intolerable; and as one massive concerted piece and unvocal *scena* after

* See Foreign Correspondence—'The Arts at Munich'—ante, pp. 294, 339, 365, 380.—Ed.

another, "dragged its slow length along" before an audience attentive, but cold, I was half tempted, in a moment of unjust and heretical forgetfulness, to think

—right, who in the plenitude of whimsical paradox declares Strauss to be the one only composer of modern Germany! Here, except a most mediocre performance at the Teatro di San Benedetto (a second-rate theatre), there is nothing but the veriest trumpery to be heard and gathered up. But there exists, nevertheless, a *sense of tune* in the people, which a century of Coppolas and Donizettis will not eradicate past rational hope of another great and glorious melodist being produced. Byron talks of the "songless gondolier." In this matter *non crede Byron*. An unlucky Polish damsel is even now screaming out her *soffeggi* in the next chamber to mine, part of her daily sacrifice; and scarcely ten minutes pass in the eight hours she devotes to her weary throat-torment—but that some Gasparo or Checcho, gliding down the narrow canal close under our windows, intermixes his "*Stiali*!" "*Premi*!" and "*Sciar!*" with the merriest and most impudent mimicry of the aspirant's vocal efforts. Let her never appear in opera here! or, past doubt, she will be accompanied from first to last of her part, by a host of these remorseless *cognoscenti*. They may not sing Tasso's stanzas antiphonically any more; and their voices are hoarse enough, heaven knows, but they have fine ears still! Yester evening I went out to the Lido, to see a sort of *festa* held there on Mondays: where a Hungarian military band plays, as I never heard military band play before, save the Bavarians in Munich. A prettier scene could not be conceived than the homeward return of half Venice, gentle and simple, in the rosy twilight, every boat so full of gaiety, that there was "no finding any silence," as my *padrone* expressed it,—a gaiety, too, that broke out in singing every conceivable ditty, in every conceivable manner. One handful of *ragazzi*, I am sure, was doing something more, namely, improvising verses on the spur of the moment with a fixed musical burden, as stanza after stanza was snatched up by a separate singer, who seemed eager to outvie his predecessor in the power of exciting one of those bursts of merriment, the reckless joyousness of which one must come to Italy to believe. Even at a very late hour music had done anything rather than "put its head under its wing." From the loneliest corners of St. Mark's Place, from the narrowest canal where lamp glitters, a new burst of voices kept ever and anon surging out, as if all sensations and feelings had but one and the same utterance. I have heard the Rhine vintagers at high festival-tide challenging one another in the moonlight across the river; but the amount was nothing as compared to this, at a time of the year, too, when it is universally agreed that Venice is dead and empty, save of curious English.

At Munich, and here too, my dramatic experience began with a translation of a flimsy French piece, played by inferior actors, *worked hard at* by the Germans, *grimaced* by the Italians. I can compare, too, a comedy of German and Italian society—having seen the Princess Amelia's 'Die Braut aus der Residenz,' performed at Munich; and here, last evening, at Il Teatro Apollo, Goldoni's 'Un Cavaliere bizzarro, e una Donna di testa debole.' Strange though it be, that a Princess, and a German Princess too, should carry off the palm, in his own craft, from the cleverest and most fertile of manufacturers—I could not, on comparing the two, but come to this conclusion, whether as regards conduct of plot, character, humour, or closeness of dialogue. The Italian audience was a mere skeleton—thin and cold. But if I may judge from what I have seen, Goldoni now excites but languid sensations of pleasure among his once sympathetic townsmen—and his formidable rival Carlo Gozzi appears wholly to have passed out of remembrance here. I have rummaged, and caused to be rummaged every bookseller's shop, for a copy of the 'Fiabe,' but three of the parties I applied to did not even know the name of comedies which in their day were *Capulets* to Goldoni's *Montagues*, and kept the frequenters of the Rialto and the Casini in an uproar of rapturous laughter. I should as soon have expected to find Punch forgotten in Naples, or Harlequin a retired artist at Bergamo, as to have searched the Merceria and the Piazza in vain for traces of Tartaglia and

Turandot. What I did find of novelty to compensate for the absence of a national classic (for such, in his fantastic way, is Gozzi), principally confined itself to a reprint of James's newest novels—and a translation into Italian of M. Rio's 'Art Chrétien,' with notes and an introduction by Herr von Rumohr.

I have nearly done—as the conflict of noise round me hinders me from describing at any length a performance at the Cobourg Theatre of Venice (bearing the name of Malibran, in grateful memory of an act of her munificence to its manager). This was none other than 'Samson,' done, as the man who cried the programme in St. Mark's Place assured us—with the closest adherence to the original—and, in fact, given (after a fashion) with the lion, the jaw-bone of the ass, the shorn tresses, and the demolished Temple of Dagon—all as set down in Holy Writ. I could write an *Athenæum* touching the humours of the audience, principally gondoliers, *faccini*, and the humblest classes of the place; how some thousands of them beat a deafening response, with hands and feet, to the well-known *cabaletta* from 'Belisario,' which heralded the Philistines to their festival—how Dalilah was hissed most cruelly, for ranting above gondolier pitch,—and how, on leaving this riotous palace of diversion, nine hundred out of the thousand might have been found, ten minutes afterwards, dropped on their knees, before a street-virgin, decked out for a *funzione*, with an expression of mute faith and devotion, which it would be hard to match in an English place of worship. But you have enough, and the Dutch concert of the Riva dei Schiavoni is too much for any further exercise of my poor powers of abstraction.

H. F. C.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

WE have this week received three letters from Mr. A. D'Abbadie, one of which we publish in this day's paper, and the others will follow forthwith. From a private note which accompanies the last, we regret to hear that his health is much impaired, and that at the time of writing he was suffering from intermittent fever.—Letters have also arrived from Mr. Schomburgk, dated George Town, 31st of July. He had lately returned from a surveying expedition to determine the boundary line between Guiana and Brazil, on which he had been absent more than three months. The party had suffered from illness and exposure to a very inclement season, but were recovered, and about to start on another expedition to the south-western boundary, which would probably occupy 12 or 18 months.—A letter from Dr. Beke, dated Angolalla [Abyssinia], addressed to the Society for the Civilization of Africa, mentions that he has obtained information from an intelligent slave named Dilbo, a native of Narea, of a large navigable river, which he calls the Gódjob, and describes as situated beyond Narea, "to the west and south," and which, according to his report, empties itself into the Indian Ocean:—

"It rises," he says, "in the country of Góbo, proceeds then through Trifte and Thámbara, next between Narea and Káffa, and then beyond Djandgero to the country of the Arabs; by which (says Dr. Beke) he means of course, that it reaches the Indian Ocean, frequented by the Arabs. The Gódjob, according to Dilbo's relation, is as wide as from this place to Chérkos, (about three miles English), and is crossed in boats capable of containing fifty or sixty persons, in which they transport horses, mules, grain, cloths, and all sorts of merchandise. Beyond Káffa, the Gódjob is joined by the River Ono, coming from the country of Dóko, the inhabitants of which are savages, who go perfectly naked, eat ants and mice, and (so Dilbo relates), climb up trees with their feet foremost. The slave-dealers penetrate as far as this country, and tempt the simple inhabitants to approach them by the offer of meat, grain, &c., when they seize them, and carry them away captive."

On this statement Dr. Beke remarks, "the name Djandgero or Djandgero is that given by Dilbo to the country marked Gengero or Zingero in the maps, and he says it is so called by the natives themselves. The word *Zingero*, in Amharic, means 'an ape,' and would appear to be given by the Abyssinians to that country and its inhabitants by way of ridicule. If I recollect rightly, the Portuguese missionaries who visited 'Gingero,' in the beginning of the seventeenth century, compare the monarch of that country to an ape, a coincidence not a little curious. I prefer sending home these particulars, without waiting till I have it in my power to verify them from other sources, (which I hope soon to do), as I deem it of the utmost importance that attention should be directed to this magnificent river the Gódjob, which

may (and perhaps ere long,) be found to afford another high road into the interior of Africa."

Among the distinguished strangers who have recently landed on our shores, it is our especial province to announce Karl Ritter, the celebrated geographer, of Berlin, and Baron von Hügel, well known as an enterprising traveller and accomplished naturalist. Ritter is an indefatigable and conscientious writer. His great geographical work, though now advanced to seven large volumes, does not yet comprehend more than Africa and Asia. Last year he made a tour in Greece, and probably now visits our shores for the purpose of sketching the moral and political condition of Great Britain from personal observation. We sincerely hope that we may obtain a favourable judgment from so candid and dispassionate a writer. Baron von Hügel is well known as a scientific traveller in India, where he made a prolonged stay in the kingdom of the Sikhs, directing his attention particularly to the botany of Kashmir, of which country he has given the most copious and complete account yet published. His rich botanical collections are now in course of publication in Germany.

The French papers announce the death "on the 2nd instant, in the Champs Elysées, of consumption, of Louisa Henrietta, the wife of Lieut-Colonel Sir Henry Wyatt"—better known as Miss Louisa Sheridan, and the editor of the 'Comic Offering.'

Not long since (*ante*, p. 556) we published an interesting account of a short residence on the Glaciers, by M. Agassiz and some scientific friends. The enterprising naturalist, accompanied by Prof. Forbes and others, has now ascended the Jungfrau, whose summit is 13,720 feet above the level of the sea. The following brief memoranda are from Prof. Jameson's Journal. The party left the Grimsel on the morning of the 27th August last (1841), ascended the whole length of the Ober-Aar Glacier, and descended the greater part of that of Viesch. Crossing a Col to the right, they slept at the Chalets of Aletsch, near the lake of that name figured in Agassiz's Glacier Views. This was twelve hours' hard walking, the descent of the glaciers being difficult and fatiguing. Next day the party started at six a.m., having been unable sooner to procure a ladder to cross the crevices, and traversed the upper part of the glacier of Aletsch in its whole extent for four and a half hours, until the ascent of the Jungfrau began. The party crossed with precaution extensive and steep fields of fresh snow, concealing crevices till they came to one, which opened vertically, and behind which an excessively steep wall of hardened snow rose. The crevice being crossed with the ladder, they ascended the snow without much danger, owing to its consistency. After some similar walking, they gained the Col, which separates the Aletsch glacier from the Roththal (on the side of Lauterbrunnen, by which the ascent has usually been attempted). Thus the party, although now at a height of between 12,000 and 13,000 feet, had by far the hardest and most perilous part of the ascent to accomplish. The whole upper part of the mountain presented a steep inclined surface of what seemed snow, but which soon appeared to be hard ice. This snow was not less than 800 or 900 feet in perpendicular height, and its surface (which Professor Forbes measured carefully several times with a clinometer) in many places rose at 45°, and in few much less. Of course every step our travellers took was cut with the hatchet, and the slope terminated below in precipices some thousand feet deep. After very severe exertion, they reached the top of this great mountain at four p.m. The party, on their return, arrived at the Chalets of Aletsch, by beautiful moonlight, at half-past 11 at night. The ascent of the Jungfrau was performed in the year 1812 by two guides, who were accompanied by Messrs. Meyer, not by the Meyers themselves. In 1829, two of several Grindelwald peasants reached the top, after having been three days out. These are the only ascents up to this time.

The subject of the Report on "the Promotion of the Fine Arts in connexion with the Rebuilding of the New Houses of Parliament," which we last week brought under notice, having been incidentally adverted to in the House of Commons, Sir R. Peel stated that he had read the Report and the very interesting evidence, with the greatest attention, and that he was of opinion that the subject deserved the most serious consideration. There were, however,

objections to the carrying on of such an inquiry by a Committee of the House, as the prorogation or adjournment of Parliament necessarily terminated its labours. He was, therefore, of opinion, that the inquiry had better be continued by a Commission appointed by the Crown, and that such members in each house as had turned their attention to the Fine Arts should be invited to constitute that Commission; and he announced that His Royal Highness Prince Albert had consented to become a member. Such a Commission, he observed, acting in concert with the executive government, might extend its inquiries to the state of the Arts in other countries in a much more satisfactory manner than it could be done by a Committee of the House.

We perceive that Sir F. Trench has announced in the House of Commons his intention of bringing forward in the next session of Parliament, a measure for the embankment of the Thames. His object, as expressed by himself is, "to render the banks of the river Thames capable of contributing to the health of the inhabitants and to the beauty of the metropolis." We know not how to explain why the Thames has been hitherto excluded from any participation in the improvements continually going on around it, and to which it ministers so essentially. Its channel is every day more and more encroached upon and obstructed; its shores present in front unsightly mud banks, and in the rear little besides confusion and deformity. The project of embanking the Thames within the limits of the Metropolis, as we believe, entertained also by the Corporation of London; whose views are chiefly directed to the improvement and preservation of the navigable waterway. The daily papers inform us that the river has been recently surveyed for that purpose by Mr. Walker, the engineer, and Capt. Bullock, R.N. According to the plan meditated by the City, a road is to be opened along the ground gained by embankment, between the river and the present line of wharves. We fear that a road in such a situation would prove a serious inconvenience to the wharf-owners, while the public in general would find it neither agreeable nor advantageous. It must interrupt the communication between the river and the waterside premises, and be clogged with commerce, in such a way as to cause annoyance to all parties. This clashing of public convenience with local interests and the industry established on the river's banks, is completely obviated by Sir F. Trench's plan of a lofty arcade along the river side, leaving the embankment below to the wharf-owners, and supporting above, a causeway, free from hindrance and turmoil. An arcade in such a situation might be easily made a very noble object, and would contribute not a little to advance the feeling for the Fine Arts in this country, by developing vigorously in the public mind the fundamental conceptions of symmetry and elegance. If handsome bazaars were erected on it at suitable distances, so as to form a covered way, and afford shelter, they would add to the convenience and agreeableness of the causeway, and might perhaps produce a considerable revenue. For beauty and utility we know of no metropolitan improvement which can vie with that proposed by Sir F. Trench. But as to his scheme of railways between the bridges we can only say,—

Unthought-of follies cheat us in the wise.

We heartily congratulate our artists on the purchase, for the National Gallery, of the celebrated picture by John Van Eyck, which we took leave to recommend to their attentive consideration, when exhibited, last season, at the British Institution (*ante*, p. 509). It is not a work likely to run away with public admiration; the purchase may, for anything we know, be denounced by some country squire in the House of Commons, as the Perugino (*ante*, p. 558) was anathematized lately; but there it is, in all its purity and splendour, an everlasting study for our artists for transcendent colouring and delicacy of finish,—the latter a beauty almost unknown amongst them.

The first annual prizes presented by H.R.H. Prince Albert to the Eton scholars most distinguished for their knowledge of modern languages, has been, after a severe competition, gained,—the first by the son of the Rev. Mr. Simpson, of Horsted, Sussex, the second by Master Dodson; and the writership in India presented by Mr. Bayley, the East India

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Director, has been awarded to the son of Mr. Buckland, of Laleham, the nephew of the Oxford Professor. The latter examination was in classics, mathematics, and modern literature.

It appears by the Dublin papers, that the last act of Lord Morpeth, previous to his departure from Ireland, like so many other acts of his life, was one of graciousness and goodness; and that he presented to the Board of National Education, in the success of which he has always taken a warm interest, a donation of 1,000*l.* His Lordship has since embarked for America.

The establishment of the Royal Observatory at Kew has been broken up, and the collection of mechanical models and apparatus in Natural and Experimental Philosophy and Astronomy, formed there by King George the Third, together with the cabinet of specimens in Natural History, has been presented to King's College. It is a condition of this grant (made by the late government), that the collection should form a separate museum in that Institution,—that it should remain unbroken, and have associated with it the name of the royal founder. The apparatus, independent of its intrinsic value, possesses, in some instances, a high degree of historic interest; it includes the original apparatus of Boyle—a complete series of apparatus, made under the directions of Desaguliers, and described in his Lectures—a rude and early model of Watt's Steam Engine—a complete apparatus, made by Atwood, to illustrate his theory of the Arch, including his celebrated model of a large elliptical arch of polished brass voussoirs, made by order of a Committee of the House of Commons. The apparatus has been for many years under the joint care of the Rev. Mr. Demainbray and the late Prof. Rigaud, who held the appointment of Astronomers Royal at Kew. It was last week delivered up by the former gentleman to the custody of Prof. Wheatstone. The Observatory itself, has, we believe, been granted to the Royal Society, to be used for magnetic observations; it was first erected by King George, to observe the transit of Venus over the Sun. The large Zenith Sector, and Transit Instrument, have been sent to the Observatory at Armagh.

The Scientific Congress at Lyons was scarcely over, when that of Florence commenced. Six hundred members were assembled: amongst them, the Italian papers mention the astronomer Amici, of Modena; Edward Everett, from the United States; Carlini, Director of the Observatory of Milan; Niccolini, Professor at Pisa; Nardo, of Venice; Dr. Orfila, from Paris; Charles Buonaparte, Prince of Canino; Mr. Babbage, and Mr. Robert Brown, the botanist, from London, and Mr. W. Somerville, from Edinburgh. Before the session was formally opened, the members repaired to the church of Santa-Croce, to hear mass. From thence they proceeded to the Hall of the Old Palace, where the Meeting was opened by a speech from the Marquis Rodolfi, the Grand-Duke being present. The Chevalier Tartini, the Secretary-General, then read the letters received from the different Academies which had been invited to send deputations to the Congress. From the Old Palace the Members repaired to the Pitti Palace, where the presidents of the different Sections were elected. On the 16th, the Grand Duke invited the presidents of the different Sections to dine with him; and on the 17th the Grand-Duke and Duchess attended the meeting of the Sections.

We alluded, some time ago, to the revival, by the Pope, of the Order of Saint-John of Jerusalem within his dominions; and may now add, that, with reference to the object of its primitive institution, which gave to this fraternity the title of Knights-Hospitallers, he has assigned to them the direction of a military hospital. The members of the Order, entering into his views, have established 500 beds in the spacious buildings granted to them; and his Holiness has bestowed his benediction, with high ceremonial, on this curious fragment picked out from the vanishing institutions of the Middle Ages, and placed, like an anachronism, amid the secular tendencies of modern Europe.—Letters from Rome also speak of a violent storm of thunder and lightning on the 23rd ult., and mention that the electric fluid struck the column of Antoninus Pius in the Piazza Colonna, chipped off fragments from the pedestal, and injured

the inscription, but it was not known whether the column itself had been shaken or otherwise injured.

The *Charivari* has a pleasant article, whimsically headed, '*Athenæo Gratiæ*' (a parody on a well known response in the Catholic ritual), in which 'Captain Pepper' and ourselves come in for an equal share of that clever journal's thanks for the copious extracts with which we presented our readers some months since, illustrative of the literary history and management, both editorial and artistical, of the *Charivari*, from the captain's little work, entitled, 'Written Caricatures.' Our contemporary, with natural feelings of gratified pride, translates nearly the entire passage, and with characteristic *espieglerie*, solicits his readers to imagine that, while he is transcribing these agreeable compliments, his cheeks are suffused with blushes, and his eyes downcast, like those of an innocent *rosière* rewarded as a pattern of village virtue; and winds up, in a spirit of *bonhomie* characteristic of French men of letters, by a formal invitation of the Captain over to Paris, "to empty sundry bottles of claret in company with Gavarni, Daumier, and their other leading artists," and drink the health of Cruikshank, H.B. and the caricaturists of England.

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SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.

T. Lloyd has been admitted a Member, and the following papers read:—

'Description of the great Aqueduct at Lisbon over the Valley of Alcantra,' by Samuel Clegg, Jun.

This aqueduct was founded by King John the Fifth in 1713, and completed by the Marquis of Pombal 1755. It resisted uninjured the shocks of the great earthquake in that year, although it was observed to oscillate considerably. The most conspicuous part of the work is that which crosses the Valley of Alcantra; it consists of thirty-two arches, with spans varying from 50 to 105 feet; the crown of the centre arch is 225 feet from the ground. The length of this portion is 3,000 feet. The sources from which the supply of water is derived, are situated in the high ground in the neighbourhoods of Cintra and of Bellas—they are eighteen in number; one of these tributaries is conveyed by a culvert from a distance of fifteen miles. The main duct into which the tributary streams empty themselves, forms a tunnel of 6 feet wide, and 7 feet high, ventilated by vertical shafts, at distances of a quarter of a mile apart. After passing over the great aqueduct, the main duct runs under ground for half a mile, is carried across the "Estrada do arco Cavalho" on seven arches of 40 feet span each, on the south side of which it continues beneath the surface until it reaches the aqueduct of "Agua Livres" in Lisbon, and empties itself into the reservoir at its termination. This reservoir is 60 feet long, by 54 feet wide and 27 feet deep. The quantity of water contained in it when the author took the measurements was 64,800 cubic feet. He was unable to obtain a section of the retaining walls, but supposed them to be about 23 feet in thickness. The pipes through which the water is distributed to the neighbouring fountains, are of earthenware and stone set in mortar. The velocity of its flow through the main duct is 75 feet per minute. The quantity discharged is about 73,000 gallons in twenty-four hours during the winter months. Particulars were then given relating to the construction of the aqueduct, translated from the documents preserved at the office of Public Works in Lisbon. From these it appeared, that no mechanical contrivances were used for hoisting the blocks of marble, but they were slung upon poles from men's shoulders,

and carried up a series of inclined planes to the height required, though some of these blocks weighed upwards of three tons: and the cost of the entire aqueduct, which was about 21 miles long, with all the immediate and collateral works, and including the reservoir, was two millions and a half sterling.

'On Sea Defences constructed with Peat-Moss,' by the Hon. Montgomery Stuart.—The author details the modes suggested by the experience of many years, and practised by him in constructing sea defences in the Bay of Wigtown, for the protection of the estate of his brother, the late Earl of Galloway. The whole of the district abounded with peat moss, possessing many properties which rendered it, independent of its cheapness, a peculiarly valuable material for constructing embankments to resist the action of the sea. Its tough fibrous nature, its elasticity, and at the same time the rapidity with which the mass became solid, were useful qualities which he sought to take advantage of. He found also that it possessed advantages as a material for puddling; as from its absorbent nature it imbibed and retained all the moisture that approached it, and never cracked from dryness, as occurs so frequently with clay puddle. In case also of holes being made in the puddle either by vermin or external injury, they soon closed again from the elastic nature of the peat-moss, and its tendency to grow together. The author sometimes uses peat-moss as a puddle between two ranges of stone walls, and sometimes as a backing instead of clay-sod; but he more particularly recommends it as a backing to a stone defence parallel with the shore. For this purpose the turf should be cut thin, placed against the bank, and the stone-work built against it; he has found this the most durable and effectual defence against the sea; the action of the waves against it even adding to its security, as from its fibrous nature it retains the silt thrown against the wall until all the interstices between the stones are completely filled, and a defence is thus formed for the wall itself by the accumulation against it. The method he employs is to build the sea-wall of rough rubble stone, laid dry with a slope of about two to one; the peat-moss backing, cut into blocks, rather thicker than usual, is laid in courses, well bonded and beaten together; it is thus consolidated throughout the height of the wall. Upwards of twenty years have elapsed since some of the first embankments were made on this principle; they have perfectly answered the purpose, and have been the means of effectually reclaiming a great extent of valuable land.

'An account of the repairs done to the Beechwood Tunnel, upon the London and Birmingham Railway, September 1840,' by Thomas M. Smith.

'On the formation of Embankments and the filling-in behind retaining Walls,' by John B. Hartley.

'A Tabular Statement of the Dimensions and Proportions of Forty Iron Vessels,' by Lieut. E. N. Kendall, R.N.

'On the Stationary Engines at the new Tunnel on the Liverpool and Manchester Railway,' by John Grantham.

'On the Percussive Action of Steam and other Aeriform Fluids,' by Josiah Parkes.—In a previous communication 'On the Action of Steam in Cornish single-pumping Engines,' Mr. Parkes, after a careful analysis of the ascertained facts of the quantity of water which, in the shape of steam, passed through the cylinders of the engines, arrived at the conclusion that the steam's elastic force was insufficient to overcome the resistance opposed to it. On obtaining this remarkable result, he was induced to examine the circumstances under which the steam is applied, and was convinced that from the instantaneous and free communication made between the boiler and the cylinder of these engines, an action, distinct in character from the simple pressure of the steam, must be transmitted to the piston. And, in order to convey some precise idea of the peculiar nature of this action, he adopted the term 'percussion,' to distinguish such action from that due to the simple elastic force of the steam. Various phenomena, connected with the working of the engine, were adduced in confirmation of the views then advanced. In the present communication Mr. Parkes has resumed the subject, and brought forward numerous facts derived from experiment and observation, on steam and elastic fluids generally, in farther corroboration of his opinions respecting the percussive action of steam in engines.

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